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Editorial

This issue should reach our readers a little earlier than usual. This will make possible the production of the following issue in mid-December to mark the Fiftieth Anniversary of the formation of the Soviet Union.

This issue will mark the first anniversary, and one hopes the last, of the tragic sequence of events that started this unhappy year of Anglo-Soviet relations. At the time of going to press there are some encouraging signs of change. Conversations between Foreign Ministers and with Ambassadors have been reported in the press as 'ranging over the whole field of Anglo-Soviet relations' and indicating a 'return to a normal working basis'. The principal catalyst in these developments has been the growth of support for the European Security Conference that looks like being realised in 1973. Cultural relations have been running at a low level during this time and one may now confidently hope that they too will now 'return to a normal working basis'.

The British press has maintained, with few exceptions, a sour note on almost every aspect of Anglo-Soviet relations. We commented in the last editorial on the heartening signs that trade was recovering and in this editorial we mention a warmer note in the British press that has relevance to the Fiftieth Anniversary. *The Times Literary Supplement* printed a substantial review of the Byelorussian Soviet Encyclopedia on 30th June. It noted that the Byelorussians became an autonomous national entity only after the October Revolution and that the Byelorussian language has become the vehicle for the expression of a vigorous culture by a Byelorussian intelligentsia. This idea is then extended to apply to all the republics; 'despite the dominant position of the Russian language in administrative, economic, scientific and even cultural life, the status of the national republics within the Soviet Union continues to grow'.

Byelorussia was in the 1930's, of all the republics, the one most sensitively placed in relations between the Soviet Union and the rest of Europe. The reviewer notes that the purges of 1936-1938 could, and indeed have usually been interpreted as arising from the negative policy of the destruction of all opposition to Moscow. He argues, on the contrary, that twenty years after the Revolution a new leadership emerged from the lower strata of this new nation and the purges merely marked the transfer of power from the old to the new. The Fiftieth Anniversary celebrations will no doubt throw a great deal of new light on this and other questions con-

nected with the Soviet community of nations. Cultural relations between the republics and the pivotal importance of Russian as the lingua franca clearly played most important roles in the development of national cultures and economies, as is argued both in the review and in the article included in this issue on the Kazakh republic.

The appreciation shown by our readers of translations of short stories and poems in recent issues has encouraged us to include a rather long 'short' story in this issue together with two very short poems. The two latter were originally written in the Byelorussian language. We would be glad to hear from our readers whether this is to their liking. Some comment was aroused by the inclusion in our last issue of the translation of an article by Efroimson on the bases of moral values. Some suggested that this did not appear to have much to do with Anglo-Soviet relations; we hope to return in some future issue with discussion of it from both English and Soviet writers.

Members of the Society will no doubt expect to find in this issue a note from a worthy pen on the sad death of our President, Mr. D. N. Pritt, on 23rd May, at the age of 84. To write about the work he continued to do almost to his last hour for nearly forty years to strengthen the cultural ties between this country and the Soviet Union would be to write the history of our Society. On the occasion of the 30th anniversary of the SCR in 1954, the then Secretary of the Society wrote in the Journal a note of appreciation of the 'wonderful work of our chairman, Mr. Pritt'. He went on: 'For nearly twenty years, despite numerous other commitments all over the globe, Mr. Pritt has been an unfailing source of inspiration, wit and wise leadership'. Those of us who heard him address the Annual General Meeting of the Society in April of this year will know how he continued to serve it with these three qualities for nearly two more decades. When the Society came to celebrate its 35th Anniversary it was Mr. Pritt who wrote the note in the Journal telling the story of those 35 years. While he was addressing the last Annual General Meeting I decided to write and ask him at an early date to draw on his still lively memory for the composition of a fuller note for the Journal to mark the 50th anniversary of the Society in two years time. He was such a youthful 84, yet he warned us in his closing words that one never knows at that age when one's heart will suddenly cease to beat. His great heart has stopped beating but the work of the Society will go on as part of a great living memorial to so much that he helped to create during his long life.

In the obituary notices in the press there were references to his role 'in almost every left wing cause from the Russian revolution to Vietnam and from the Hunger Marchers to the pay freeze', and

to 'the contribution he made in an astonishing variety of fields'. Unfortunately in not one of these notices was there a reference to the very great contribution he made to the work of the SCR. He first visited the Soviet Union in 1932 and every year after that saw a number of major contributions he made to the work of developing cultural ties between the two countries. In 1954 he was awarded a Stalin Peace Prize.

The SCR has suffered a further loss of one of its most valued long serving officers with the death of Lady Simon of Wythenshawe. For many years she inspired the work of the Education Section.

The reference in the Moscow Diary to the film *Degree of Risk* provokes us to mention that the novel of the film, *Mysli i Serdtse* by Amosov, is available in the SCR library. Can anyone encourage a publisher to bring out an English translation of it?

An attentive reader may have noticed an odd lapse from the editorial 'we' above. This is not altogether accidental. The editorial board has decided that the editorial should in future be signed by 'The Editor' as an indication that it contains his remarks for which he is responsible to the board. This leaves him free to interpret the general policy of the board and he will remain subject to its discipline if he is held to have departed from it substantially. This is consistent with the attitude of the board to articles and reviews published in the Journal as expressions of the views of the authors, which are not necessarily shared by members of the editorial board.

The Editor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

At the Annual General Meeting of the Society in May, it was decided to increase members' subscriptions which have been unchanged since June 1966, despite the burden of ever-increasing costs which the Society has had to bear. Affiliation fees remain unchanged in order to encourage more educational establishments to join.

The new subscription rates are as follows :

Greater London & Surrounding Counties	£3.00
Husband and Wife	£4.00
Other Areas	£1.50
Husband and Wife	£2.00
Students and Pensioners	75p

We are sure you will understand that we are reluctant to do this but there is no alternative.

We request your co-operation by paying your subscription promptly to avoid further expense in postal charges.

On The Steamer

Yaroslav Golovanov

(translated and abbreviated from *Novy Mir*, No. 12, 1971,
by Dora Simmonds)

At the harbour there were no tickets for the *Vernadsky*, neither first nor third class, and when Sergey had pushed up to the ticket window and explained quietly and impressively (which was the best way to get results) that he was neither a tourist nor a holiday maker but was on official business, it turned out that there were not even any special places. He came away from the harbour sweaty and bad tempered. There must have been tickets of some sort. They were supposed to keep some in reserve; they couldn't do otherwise. Now he would have to go to the City Committee and show his little red pass 'Solodov, Sergey Dmitrievich, special correspondent'. They would then phone the steamship office. 'This comrade is our guest, so to speak. You have to help a comrade . . .' 'What a hateful, bureaucratic waste of time', thought Sergey. 'That's what one should be writing about.'

Then he drank a glass of cold, cloudy wine in a wine cellar and felt better. He wouldn't stay here at all events. Of course he would get away on a boat. He had thought it all out in Moscow: no aeroplanes, nothing but a boat would do: a blue sky, a white steamer, the wind blowing the light curtains in the cabin. And now you are here, there are no tickets to be had.

However, everything worked out all right. The people at the City Committee rang the right number, and he was asked to call in after dinner. 'We don't promise good ones', boomed a voice in his ear. 'I don't care a damn provided they're not for a seat on the deck', agreed Sergey. He decided to leave the next day.

The *Vernadsky* was due to leave at noon. It lay at the far pier, rather small and dirty, with only one deck. It had probably been built before the war and had a faded sun-bleached awning at the stern. When the passengers were allowed aboard those with deck tickets ran to grab benches and deck chairs. Sergey had a second class ticket but he also hurried along, taking great strides, leaping over railway lines and cables and hawsers. There was, of course, a crush at the gangway, with a lot of pushing and shoving. Those who had already got on to the steamer were shouting to those who were working their way towards them from the landing stage, and they were throwing parcels and bags back and forth. There

were no staid, sad-faced friends to see them off with bunches of flowers to lend dignity to the scene.

Sergey edged forward and forced his way on to the gangway. His pack slipped from his shoulder down his back and his brief case was buffeted about between hot bodies. He managed to pull it up to his chest and wedge one corner of it between the shoulder blades of a young man standing in front of him. The lad squealed out softly and twitched his shoulder blades underneath his check shirt rather like dogs twitch their ears. At last they reached the girl who was checking the tickets. In all this bustle and crush she alone maintained complete calm. She glanced at the ticket and then at her list, called out the cabin numbers and marked them off on her card with a pencil. When a feigned woman's scream rose over the general hubbub she would look up and survey the crowd below with a look of fastidious compassion on her face.

'Well, young man,' said the girl, 'your cabin is No. 10—turn left, go down below, and it's on the left hand side, berth No. 1.' Sergey held out his ticket. 'You are also cabin No. 10, berth 3.' 'So, I am with the boy?' asked Sergey cheerfully. 'Yes, with the boy', she replied wearily, without a smile. 'And with a girl—isn't that possible?' She ignored the remark and turned away.

On board

The cabin was fairly spacious, with four berths. Sunbeams shining through the two portholes danced over the walls and made beautiful the empty shabbiness of the place, with its tiny barrack-like bunks, the water jug on the wall and the narrow little wash-basin. There was no fresh wind blowing the curtains, because there were no curtains. On one of the bunks there was lying a huge round rucksack.

'Hm', said Sergey, surveying the cabin. 'It's obviously not the Queen Mary.' The boy didn't speak. Skinny, in his check shirt, black trousers and canvas shoes, he turned towards Sergey, spoke and smiled apologetically as if the steamer belonged to him and he had to make excuses for its poverty. 'It doesn't matter', he said. 'We'll get there. And, anyway, a cabin is only for sleeping in.'

Sergey looked at him again more closely. He was about 14 or 15. Dark skinned with a narrow face, a thin, slightly aquiline nose and black eyes. He looked childishly defenceless with a shaggy head of hair that had not been trimmed for a long time and with soft down growing on his thin neck. He concealed his defencelessness like a child by awkward impulsiveness and a pretended decisiveness of movement as he settled in. He pushed his small case under the bunk, threw out a towel and plumped up the thin pillow. Sergey noticed a neat wooden frame hanging on the wall alongside his

berth. 'Which is your lifeboat, do you know?' he asked, nodding towards the instructions behind the glass. 'I'll read', the boy answered quickly, and then added seriously, 'and anyway, we'll be sailing close to the shore all the time—you can swim there.' Sergey burst out laughing. 'Can you really swim there?' 'Yes, I can.' 'So you're travelling alone?' asked Sergey, and his tone was an invitation to chat. 'No friends with you?' 'No, that's how it is.' 'And how is it that your mother let you go off alone—are you from far away?' 'From Leningrad.' 'Oho! And where have you been?' 'All over the Crimea . . . from Sevastopol to Kerch. And now I am bound for Odessa.' He was finding all these questions embarrassing and was answering hesitantly as if at an examination. 'Well done!' Sergey slapped his thin shoulder. 'Fancy that! Sevastopol to Kerch! So now we are going to Odessa together. That's fine. Let's introduce ourselves. I'm Sergey. And you?'

'I'm Ira', said the boy softly. 'What do you mean, Ira?' asked Sergey. Then in a flash he understood and blushed suddenly. 'Yes, Ira' she replied and burst out laughing, noticing his embarrassment. 'Well I never!' gasped Sergey. 'How did I manage that? You must forgive me . . . in the crowd . . . and the girl who checked the tickets . . .' 'No', she interrupted. 'Everything's fine. And please address me as you did before.' 'It's the devil's own job to know, with these modern haircuts . . .' Sergey had gone over automatically to an ironic style which was the only acceptable one to meet such situations. 'No, no, it's disgraceful! disgraceful! It's my job to notice things. For journalists and special agents such a mistake is unforgivable. A clanger! A real clanger! They should give me the sack.'

She was sitting on her bunk with her hands between her knees, swaying and laughing. 'And which are you? A special agent or a journalist?' 'For the time being a journalist. And anyway, why do I say "for the time being"? They'll never have me now as a spy.' 'Come, come, don't despair. They'll take you if you ask. And you really must address me as before, o.k.?' She was speaking without any awkwardness, assuming his pseudo-jocularity.

'How old are you, Ira lad?' asked Sergey seriously, without a hint of a joke. 'Eighteen. I've already started the second year at college.' Only then did he see her big brown eyes, and her mouth that could never have been a boy's, and the barely noticeable curve of her breasts, her slender fingers and narrow wrists. 'Oh Lord, what a mess!' he thought. 'How on earth did I take her for . . .'

At gatherings when there were obviously no Plain Janes present he used to like quoting with a laugh from La Rochefoucauld: 'To be young and ugly is just as hard for a woman as to be beautiful and no longer young', but in his heart of hearts he was genuinely

sorry for plain girls. Actually you couldn't have called Ira plain, but she was so painfully tiny and thin that she must have suffered from the brittle fragility of her small body. 'And she's 18 already! She must have gone through it and still be going through it, although she was laughing. Nobody falls in love with you or asks you for dates' thought Sergey sadly. He felt himself to blame for all the boys who didn't fall for her or wait for her under the clock by some statue or other.

'Eighteen!' repeated Sergey. 'So it seems you're a big girl' he said, for something to say. 'No, I'm small' she replied simply. 'I was born in the blockade, so I never filled out properly.' She fell silent. 'Well, why are we sitting in this hole?' Sergey suddenly jumped up. 'Shall we go on deck? Towards freedom and light?' 'Not "shall we go" but "come on"!' she corrected him with a smile. 'You go on ahead. I'll change and then come.'

At sea

The *Vernadsky* was leaving. The throbbing of its framework became stronger and more noticeable; on the pier at the bow and stern some very sunburnt young fellows in extremely dirty canvas trousers were bustling about and keeping the inquisitive at bay with good-humoured shouts. 'Cast off fore' came a loud megaphone command from somewhere overhead. It sounded correct and dry, like a talking parrot. The strip of cloudy water between the pier and the side of the steamer was churned up, gleaming with iridescent spots of oil; floating on it were wood chips, sticks, swollen disintegrating cigarette packets and bits of paper. The land slowly moved away and changed its angle.

As soon as they were under way the commotion and shouting died down and the long awaited movement calmed everybody. In the bows, open to wind and sun, rugs were being spread out for sunbathing. By the windlass a couple of men in jeans, from abroad, and in straw sombreros, from Yalta, struck up their guitars, sidled up to a group of girls and started joking with them. The girls were shaking out their hair still wet from bathing and were making irrelevant wisecracks. It was obvious that they rather liked their admirers in jeans and were soon being photographed side by side. Stray children were rampaging about everywhere. Aft, under the awning, the regular throb of the screw was drowned by the clicking of dominoes. Some passengers were already asleep, their faces covered by a newspaper. Some old, warmly clad women were fussing about, wrapping up and unpacking their bundles and bags. Seated alongside them in a deckchair reclined a bored-looking lady with long beautiful legs—just the one for a cheerful exchange of pleasantries, such as he knew was bound to be sailing with him—

and there she was, if you please. 'How can I now . . .?' thought Sergey helplessly. Card players were huddled together over a sheet of lined paper torn from an exercise book, weighted down by two cigarette lighters so that it shouldn't blow away and behind them on crumpled newspaper lay white eggshells, bread, sausage, cucumbers and salt in a penicillin tube—snacks for all the family. 'It's a nightmare. Refugees, not holiday makers.' Sergey felt himself getting angry. How different it all was from the sunny, deserted deck he had dreamed of in Moscow! Watching them all chew he remembered about dinner and at that moment he heard a whisper beside him. 'So that's where you are . . .' He turned round and saw Ira. She was wearing a sleeveless summer dress and didn't look like a boy at all, but this was even worse. She was what they call a half-pint, and the puniest of half-pints at that. 'She's never developed properly', Sergey remembered, and he again felt sorry for her. On the other hand she made him feel rather embarrassed, seeing people looking at them. 'Oh, to hell with them, let them look, let them think what they like, she can be my wife or my fiancée!' Again he felt like being captivatingly noble, in command of the situation; he wanted to become fabulously easy of manner, generous, and charming, and a bit langorously frivolous and naively show open, sincere surprise at the surprise of that girl with the lovely legs sitting in a deck chair.

'Listen, lad, shouldn't we have some dinner?' he asked, bending down towards her. 'Shouldn't we be getting along to the restaurant?' 'The restaurant?'—there was a note of bewilderment in her voice, but she agreed at once. 'All right, we could.' It occurred to Sergey that she was so convinced of her own feminine inadequacy that she didn't try, even for the sake of appearances, to flirt or fuss or embark on the phoney, stupid chatter that others would have thought necessary. In the restaurant he steered her from half a pace behind skilfully and gracefully between the closely set tables, helped her to sit down in a corner under a ventilator, sat down himself, and handed her the menu of very thin paper on which the dishes were printed in pale, shadowy type. She nodded and started to read very carefully, furtively squinting at the prices on the right. Then she said quietly 'I don't want any soup.' Sergey realised that she hadn't much money and said 'Well, all right, it's certainly hot. So, let's have a tiny nip of brandy, some olives, a slice of lemon, some cheese, and look, there are some fresh tomatoes. Two portions of Kiev meat balls. I'm sure they fry them in margarine but never mind, let's try them. Well, now, what else is there? Probably iced dessert.' Ira sat as quiet as a mouse, with bated breath. He gave the order to the waitress, calling after her 'Oh, yes, and some mineral water, two bottles, nice and cold.' And calm-

ing down at last he turned to Ira, unwrapped his conical serviette, settled himself more comfortably on his chair and said 'Well now, tell me about yourself.' 'What about?' 'About everything. What do you do at work and in your spare time?' 'But what am I to tell you?' 'Well then, as I already know, we are studying in our second year, are we?' 'Yes!' 'In Leningrad?' 'Yes, at the University.' 'We are going in for philology, eh? The suffixes "ush" and "yush" in the middle Volga dialects, perhaps?' 'No.' 'Then what are we going to be?' 'We are going to be an astronomer!' He gave a low whistle. He remembered the huge silver domes of Pulkovo. The massively serene, cold columns of the telescopes. Bakeyev, a tall, slim old man, looked like a pygmy alongside them. And she—Oh Lord!

'Is that so', he drawled, 'well, that means I now have two astronomers among my acquaintances.' 'And who is the first one?' 'Bakeyev, from Pulkovo.' 'You know Bakeyev?' 'Arslan Garifovich is the dearest old man. He entertained me with rum.' 'Rum?' she retorted heatedly. 'And do you know that in the theory of quasars he was the first to . . .' 'Yes, I know', he interrupted her gently with a delightful smile. 'Remember, lad, I know everything. That's easy to remember.'

The meal

The brandy and hors d'oeuvre arrived. Looking at the small carafe of dull glass, he regretted ordering so little. He was just in the mood. 'Well, now, how does it go in Onegin's song—"pray let us begin"—is that right?' 'Not Onegin's but Lensky's', she corrected. 'Right! What a well read boy you are!' 'And where are your glasses?' 'I don't drink brandy', she protested shyly. 'I don't either. I'm just spoiling myself. We'll just have a sip in honour of our having met. It's a most remarkable occasion, isn't it? But what the hell—there aren't any glasses.' 'But there are.' 'You drink valerian drops from that sort of glass, lad.' 'What's the difference?' she asked in surprise, shrugging her mini-shoulders. 'Brandy must be drunk out of big, balloon glasses, like an electric light bulb without the filament. Then you pour a little into the bottom so that it's like a big evaporating glass, you warm it with the palm of your hand, and you drink it, savouring the full bouquet, do you follow? Well, all right, there is nothing for it.' He poured out the cognac. 'To our meeting, to astronomy, to the sea, hurrah!' And he skilfully tipped it into his mouth. She sucked up some brandy with her lips and was seized with a childish spasm of choking, coughed, grabbed a piece of cheese, swallowed it quickly and looked at Sergey with a guilty smile. There were tears in her eyes. 'Eat some cheese' she said. 'It's fresh.' He smiled in reply, speared a lump of cheese with his fork, and said, chewing it into small pieces 'That's not cheese,

my boy, but soap.' 'It's normal cheese. And what sort do you like? The smelly stuff, I suppose?' 'I like Boursin, in dark little pyramids, very unappetising to look at.' 'I've never seen any like that in Leningrad.' 'I've never seen any even in Moscow, but in Paris you can buy it in any shop.' 'Have you been to Paris?' (He tells her that he has been to America and Egypt while she tells him about mountain villages in Central Asia, but he prefers talking to listening.)

'Listen, boy, I really am showing off a bit', he said to her gaily. 'New York . . . the pyramids . . . I should be ashamed.' 'Not at all—it's interesting. It's the first time I've talked to anyone who has seen the pyramids.' 'Why interesting. It's my job.' He felt that this conversation was edging towards the point where flirtation begins. 'They send me there. I go.' 'You only go because they twist your arm', she smiled. 'Of course not. It is interesting—I don't dispute that. If you envy me, then chuck up your astronomy and join the journalists.' 'I envy you but I won't give it up' she said seriously. 'But it is interesting' he insisted. 'But astronomy is more so. You've seen New York but I've seen Galaxy NGC 1232. Maybe it contained milliards of New Yorks.' Her small face with its saffron sun tan glowed red, and her eyes sparkled from the sip of brandy. 'Billions of New Yorks and billions of pyramids!' 'Bravo! Is it such a huge galaxy?' he asked and thought to himself 'The tipsy little mouse!' 'Do drink up or the brandy will evaporate' he said to her. 'Ordinary galaxies are twin spiralled, for instance NGC 5346, but 1232 is multi-spiralled.' For some reason this made him think of a war-time neighbour, named Lida, who had a two-bar electric fire. 'And what about ours?' he asked. 'What do you mean?' 'What sort is ours?' 'Our galaxy? Sharov and Pavlovskaya consider that ours is also multi-spiralled.' 'Oh, if Sharov himself says so!' he laughed and reached out for the carafe. 'You turn everything into a joke,' she frowned. 'Don't be angry, lad. I'm sure Sharov is a top-notcher and Petrovskaya too.' 'Pavlovskaya.' 'Pardon me, Pavlovskaya. But is that really the point? NGT 1232. Listen, it's mystical. Do you know what it is? It's God's telephone number. Let's leave all these bottomless horrors. Look around. The sun, the sea, the blue distance. Live, be gay. What are billions of pyramids to you? Or even one? They don't mean a thing to us, my boy. Let's drink some brandy together. Astronomers have started studying the sky from the wrong end. Look how the chain forms: cognac - vine - sun - galaxy.' He was talking nonsense and she was laughing now, not caring that people from nearby tables were turning their heads.

They took a long time over dinner. With the iced dessert, Sergey ordered another glass of brandy each. He felt like getting a little

bit merry and keeping himself at this stage, what the French call “à bon courage”. He talked, and talked, cheerfully and smoothly, easily passing from topic to topic, never slipping up or getting stuck as he switched; he talked about how oak brandy barrels are made, and why Armenian brandy doesn’t quite come up to Martell, about American gas-turbine cars, about Nefertiti’s hair in the museum at Cairo—and all this very simply, with a slightly apologetic smile as if excusing himself for being so globally well-informed.

(He pays for the meal, they go ashore together at Feodosia, mingle with the quay-side tourist crowds, ride on a roundabout, and come back on board, late in the evening.)

The day after

Next morning they had breakfast together in the restaurant. He had a headache but once more he told stories and made witty remarks. However there was not so much harmony or smoothness in his anecdotes; they tailed off, came to nothing, he wasn’t even interested in listening to himself, he frequently fell silent, turned towards the window and sat motionless, gazing at the colourless sky. Then he would begin talking again, and once more he seemed to be just as talented, clever and charming as he was yesterday, but this time it didn’t come easily. It reminded him of the forced gaiety at weddings, when people who don’t know each other are forced not only to put up with each other but to pretend that they really are enjoying the proceedings. No other passenger was interested in them today; his already obvious attentions to this tiny girl no longer surprised anybody. And perhaps it was because of this that yesterday’s delightful frivolousness had somehow disappeared—frivolousness aimed at an audience, thereby giving the desired light touch to his movements and words and making the merest gossip interesting. He felt himself being overwhelmed by some sort of uncontrollable, heavy lack of brilliance, felt that he had wearied of his own erudition, of the cramped confines of the steamer, that he was weighed down by the slowness with which the riverbanks floated by, with their outlines blurred in the heat haze.

‘Oh Lord, roll on Odessa!’, he thought wistfully, sipping his revolting stale beer. He wouldn’t admit it to himself that it was this little girl who bored him above all, that it was precisely her he found irritating, with her consistent, straightforward affability. He tried not to think, tried to convince himself that it was his own fault. He had himself started playing this stupid comedy of unselfish chivalry, damn him. And now he was caught up in this idiotic affair and could not now stand up, walk away, sing with the guitarists in their jeans or pay compliments to Long Legs. Why? Surely he was not committed in any way to this dot of a girl? Yes, he had

treated her to a meal, entertained her, walked her around—what was wrong with that? So what was the matter? Who was to blame for this miserable loss of freedom? He turned towards Ira, looked at her as if he had only just seen her, and again an incomprehensible irritation came over him: he couldn't convince himself that the small creature, sitting quietly opposite him, was in any way guilty. And again he felt ashamed.

'Why are you so gloomy today?' she asked sadly. 'A hangover?' 'Uhu. And I feel generally fed up with everything.' 'What do you mean with everything?' 'The Crimea. The restaurant. All these people. I want to get up and walk on the water like Christ.' ('Good Lord, what a ghastly way to talk', he thought to himself.) 'Do you know why I boarded this steamer, my boy?' 'Why?' 'In order to discover that there exist in the world multi-spiralled galaxies.' She smiled. 'What is it called, RZG 1224?' 'No, NGC 1232.' 'I must write it down and memorise it.' 'Of course you must memorise it. Then you'll tell everybody.' 'But you imagine that I'm going to tell everybody that it's multi-spiralled, and meanwhile it will go bang and become, well, quite ordinary, eh? A gigantic cosmic mix-up. Is it possible?' 'In principle, yes. In a few billion years.' 'Never mind, I won't be here and my descendants will condemn me. They'll say "Do you remember what rubbish Solodov talked?"' ('Cheap, awful, lowest country bumkin level', he thought to himself.) They were silent for a while. 'I'm awfully tired of your jokes', said Ira suddenly. 'Are you very fed up? Say straight out if you are.' 'No, not very.' 'I'll go on deck—it's stuffy here. Finish your beer.' 'We'll soon be at Sevastopol. Shall we go ashore for a walk?' 'It's a very short stop.' 'Let's go just the same.' 'Well, we'll see.'

He watched her as she walked along the narrow deck, under the restaurant windows, getting out of the way of people coming in the other direction, small and sad, and again he felt guilty and began to rage at the whole world. 'And why on earth didn't I fly? I'd have been in Odessa already. I'd have a quiet room in the *Krasnaya* and a bed with fresh starched sheets.'

Before Sevastopol everybody started to settle up; it was a long time before he could get the waitress to come to his table. When she finally came and he paid up, the *Vernadsky* was already lying alongside the pier, and a chain of passengers stretched down to it along the gangway. Sergey couldn't see Ira on the deck; she wasn't in the cabin either and he went back on deck. Now the passengers, chewing as they walked, were returning to the *Vernadsky*. Then he saw Ira. She was standing on the jetty to the left of the gangway, looking up at the steamer. When she caught sight of Sergey she smiled apologetically at him. He went over to the rails. 'Where did you vanish to?' He asked calmly but as soon as he saw her, he

had understood. 'I've been for a walk,' she said. 'Come on, they're just going to pull up the gangway.' 'I'm staying ashore.' They were silent. 'And what about your things?' 'They're in the cloakroom.' Silence again. 'But why?' he asked. 'I don't know myself.' ('When will this blasted steamer leave?' he thought.) 'Run and get your things. You'll just make it.' She shook her head. 'But why? Haven't you been enjoying yourself?' 'Yes, of course, it's been fine . . . but I want it to be fine for you too', she suddenly added, addressing him for the first time as 'ty'. 'For me?' he said, surprised but felt at once that his surprise was phoney. 'Oh, never mind, what's the point?' 'You know it yourself.' 'What do I know?' 'You know everything—don't you remember, you said so yourself.' They started to haul up the gangway. ('At long last', thought Sergey.) 'Have you any money?' he asked, for the sake of asking something. 'Yes.' 'Plenty?' 'Not much.' ('I'm putting my foot in it,' he thought, but nevertheless went on asking questions.) 'Shall I give you some?' 'No, don't. I'll have enough.' Then she laughed and said 'You're a queer character.' 'Leningrad—what's your Post Office number?' 'I don't want you to write.' She was moving away from him, quietly drifting off to one side. 'Well, good-bye', she said. 'Greetings to Odessa.' She waved her hand. He waved in reply. ('I must say something. But what? No, I ought to have stayed behind. This is all wrong.)

A wide strip of water separated them now. He suddenly thought angrily, 'You're a liar, you know you won't stay behind.' 'Good-bye, boy,' he shouted. She smiled and waved again, then turned and walked towards the quayside station. He lay in his cabin until evening and then he drank brandy in the restaurant. In the morning, the *Vernadsky* arrived at Odessa. Taxi, hotel, district committee—he was caught up in the whirl again.

Moscow Diary

Robert Daglish

A fortnight ago I found a slip of paper in my letter-box inviting me to attend a meeting of House committees Nos. 17 and 18, at which a 'communication' would be made. It was not stated what the 'communication' was to be about and the whole thing seemed

unusual and slightly mysterious. We are normally informed of such gatherings by scraps of paper pinned up on the staircase door where they do not long survive the wind and weather or the attentions of playing children. In addition, the meeting was to be at Gipromez, short for State Institute for Design of Metallurgical Plants, a fifteen-storey office block just down the road, which forms the architectural hub of our district. Our district is spread around the great avenue that runs north-east out of Moscow, about midway between the Riga Station and the National Economic Achievements Exhibition. I have passed Gipromez nearly every day for years without ever having had occasion to go inside, so curiosity about its interior would have been enough to make me respond to the invitation.

Our block, like Gipromez itself, was built some twenty years ago and at that time was one of the best state housing projects of its kind. It is not so clean-cut and modern as the new high-rises going up all around us and we do have trouble with a facing tile coming loose occasionally, which has necessitated the construction of protective wooden arches over the main entrances, giving the house a rather countrified appearance. On the other hand, our ceilings are much higher than in the new flats and we pay the same fantastically low rents as their tenants, i.e. 16.5 kopeks per month per square metre of living space,* which does not include bathroom, corridor or kitchen, or, of course, height of ceiling.

When we first came to live in the avenue there used to be a figure of a foundry worker perched over the front portal of Gipromez about ten storeys up, but he must have looked too small right up there, or else the winter weather didn't suit him, and he had to be taken down. On the whole, until a few years ago, we were not very lucky with statuary in our district. For some time a large hoarding stood round what was obviously to be a new monument outside the Underground Station. Like everyone else, I had a peep through a chink in the boards and saw an impressive group of working men of various races led by a woman carrying a dead child on her outstretched arms. The theme was obviously peace, which was quite suitable, as our street is in fact called Peace Avenue (Prospect Mira), but I think a body of opinion in the district must have thought the dead child struck a too permanently pessimistic note. The group remained boarded up for several months, while presumably controversy raged in local government circles, and one day it was removed and the square was asphalted

*16.5 kopeks is the standard rate for the minimum of 9 sq. m. per person. If you have more than this, as many people do, you pay three times more (49.5 kopeks) for your surplus.

over. But it turned up again, so I discover later, about half a mile further along the avenue, where it has found a permanent place on a shady boulevard in front of the local boarding school.

The real monumental achievement of our district, however, is the Space Monument, a rocket resting (though it appears to soar) on a great tail of fire made of titanium sheets. The dynamic design is striking, and so is the material. A doctor friend who visited us from England recently was deeply impressed. He is an orthopaedic surgeon and uses, at great cost, small pieces of titanium for making good bone deficiencies. Incidentally, he told me that the Russians are doing well in this field too, and have in fact pioneered bone transplantation on a big scale as a more practical and immediately useful operation than heart and kidney replacement. Less spectacular, of course, but even a layman like myself can appreciate that suitable bones are easier to come by than hearts in good working order, and easier to instal. In fact, it is largely a matter of operational ingenuity, of which, our friend told us, his Soviet colleagues have plenty, and also broad-scale organisation in which the Soviet medical service excels.

While we are on the subject, I should mention that your correspondent, with other members of the press corps, was a guest recently of Professor A. A. Vishnevsky at his new Institute of Surgery. Professor Vishnevsky started off by performing a blue-baby operation while we watched him at work on the opened and throbbing heart on a television screen in the adjoining lecture hall. Then he showed us the new system of computer diagnosis which the institute is developing. This, briefly, consists of a central computer in Moscow, programmed to diagnose a number of diseases and linked up with medical posts as far afield as Khabarovsk on the Pacific coast. The doctor 4,000 miles away with a difficult case on hand taps out the symptoms on what looks like a teletype machine and get a highly qualified answer within minutes. Of course, a lot depends on correct noting of the symptoms, but everything has been done to tabulate these as exhaustively as possible on mathematical principles. Obviously a nationwide network of this kind can provide an invaluable aid to doctors in remote and not-so-remote places.

Since this diary is obviously going to be wildly discursive, it is worth mentioning another point about the Vishnevsky Institute (incidentally named not after its present director but after A. M. Vishnevsky, his father, the Institute's founder). The point is Vishnevsky himself. Apparently not in the least tired after his operation, he showed us round the lavishly equipped clinic wards with their closed-circuit television and infra-red lighting equipment for watching patients during sleep (the infra-red makes them visible in dark-

ness) and showed us yet another electronic device developed by the Institute. This was a small electronic box which is used for activating the lower organs (intestines, bladder, etc.) of patients with injured spinal cords, a radio frequency receiver with electrodes having been implanted in the appropriate organ. The patient places the box on his abdomen himself (we saw one do it) and is then able to perform his vital functions. Though still bed-ridden, he is thus saved from a slow and painful death. Meanwhile work continues to improve methods of speeding up regeneration processes in the injured spinal cord.

When we had seen all this, the professor treated us to a splendid luncheon and kept us entertained for another hour or so with anecdote and reminiscence and answers to our questions. ('Barnard? A splendid man! His great achievement is not so much the actual heart transplant as the impetus his spectacular feats have given to the whole field of transplantation.') Vishnevsky keeps up friendships with colleagues as far away as Dr Allende in Chile ('We surgeons are the most widespread brotherhood in the world, which is one reason why we get on so well together'). A bald, muscular man, full of cheerful exuberance and a sly humour, he is utterly unlike the heart surgeon portrayed in the film *Degree of Risk* by the veteran Art Theatre actor Boris Livanov.

The lack of similarity, however, makes Vishnevsky no less impressive nor the film any less convincing. Livanov's surgeon is beset by the problem of whether or not to operate on a heart-case friend, a brilliant young mathematician played by Smoktunovsky. The choice is not made any easier by the mathematician's acerbic running commentary on the futility of the medical profession in general ('You and your gowned priesthood with your religion of humanism, your temples of machinery and equipment . . . How pretentious compared with mathematics! Just let me, a mathematician, spend a little while with pencil and paper on your holy of holies—happiness . . .') At this point the doctor is called away by a crisis in the post-operation ward, where a patient has been left without enough of the right kind of blood due to an assistant's oversight.

Do such arguments, such crises, occur at the Vishnevsky Institute? I am sure they do, as everywhere. But between the two, actually seeing the clinic in action and seeing the film, little noticed at the time of its appearance four years ago but chosen for peak hour TV showing on Doctors' Day (another aspect of all-round medical organisation), I felt I had gained an insight into the nature and workings of this outstanding service.

But to return to Gipromez. Something that might have puzzled the foreign visitor, I thought, on entering the vestibule, was the sight of steaks, pork chops and other semi-prepared food at a

counter next to the cloakroom. What was this? Some further enticement to attend the meeting? Actually, this is common practice at many of the better organised Soviet offices and factories. To save their staff, particularly the women, shopping difficulties on top of a day's work, the offices see to it that some of the basic provisions can be picked up while you are collecting your coat, so to speak.

A Model City

On the first floor, I entered a large auditorium which, judging by the stage and grand piano, obviously serves other purposes besides the design of iron and steel works. On this occasion it was half full of local people, several of whom I recognised as neighbours. Most of them were over thirty, and old-age pensioners (always a formidable force at this kind of meeting) were much in evidence. The 'communication' turned out to be a report by the Party Secretary of the district on measures to be taken to fulfil the recent Government and Party decision to make Moscow a model city. First we were told that there were several thousand families living in our district without proper water-supply facilities. This was rather a surprise to me for in the ten years I have lived on Peace Avenue I have seen stretch after stretch of wooden cottages with their outdoor water pumps pulled down and replaced by five-, ten- and seventeen-storey modern apartment houses. But apparently there are a good many still left, and they have got to go by 1975. Then came the next point, queues. 'What kind of model city can there be with queues like we have in the shops, restaurants and cafes?' the Secretary went on. 'The only remedy is vastly increased allocations for new shops, restaurants and so on. We now have those allocations and this is another problem that has to be solved by 1975.' And so it went on—too much drinking, the need for more public conveniences. One of the old-age pensioners rose shakily to his feet with a question. 'What are you going to do about drainage? I'm eighty-four and I'm still waiting to see the streets drained properly. Our womenfolk have to step off buses straight into puddles.'

If one does not count these criticisms as positive (which I do) what was there on the positive side? The rehousing programme is to move even faster. Apart from getting rid of all condemned dwellings, the general minimum standard of living space per person is to go up from 9 sq. m. to 12 sq. m. Two new department stores on the avenue, a subway for pedestrians crossing the avenue from the underground ('That's where your conveniences will be'). Many of these statements were obviously in response to requests or complaints that had reached the local Soviet or the Party Committee from organisations or individuals, and the Secretary in fact ended his report with an appeal to everyone to be more active in coming

forward with suggestions and in speaking out against abuses that spoiled the image of the city. He did not have to wait long for a response.

As soon as question time was announced, a stocky, balding man in a dark serge suit, open-necked shirt and sandals, who at the start of the meeting had complained of the 'acoustics', stood up and said he wanted to ask a question. 'What would you do', he said, 'if someone offered you an 80-rouble suit for 120 roubles? You wouldn't buy it, would you? Well, what does Gipromez mean by building a great house across the end of the street that's going to shut all the light out of our windows? Isn't that throwing state money to the winds?' He turned to the hall, arms spread, for all the world like a Hyde Park orator.

I was not sure of the logic of his 120-rouble suit, but he had touched a point that has been causing some concern to my neighbours and indeed myself, for the street he was talking about runs right under our windows and the house in question is a 17-storey apartment block which Gipromez intends to build for its staff in that street, and for which the site has already been fenced off. I had noticed that building operations seemed to be a long time starting and this is the reason - a movement of protesters who say there is plenty of room elsewhere. Actually the economic argument implied in our champion's 120-rouble suit may be on the side of Gipromez. Remarks have been made in the press lately about buildings being too widely dispersed with consequent rising costs of underground communications. This is particularly important where every new block has to be connected up to a central steam-heating plant. Besides, if Gipromez is given another site, hundreds of its staff will once again be bussing and training to work instead of taking a five-minute walk. These were the counter-arguments advanced by the Secretary of the local Soviet, who seemed to regard the decision as already taken in favour of Gipromez. But there may be other claimants competing for the site - the Kalibr measuring instruments plant, about ten minutes walk away in the other direction, for instance, which has also graced our skyline with four or five more modest tower blocks for its workers in recent years. There are also some co-operative flats close by from which a proprietary blast of protest may come.

Incidentally, about co-operatives. Most of the housing that goes up in the USSR is state-financed and organised, but the housing programme was given a financial boost about ten years ago by the introduction of the co-operative building system. Briefly, under this system the future tenants pay for the building themselves with an initial down payment and several instalments, after which they continue to pay, although much less of course, for the servicing and

upkeep of the house. This means that if you have a few thousand roubles to spare you need not wait till your name comes up on the housing list, but can buy a two or three-room flat out of your own pocket and probably enjoy a better quality flat, as the gradings and prices of co-operative building vary.

It has been suggested that this system endangers the democratic nature of the Soviet housing programme and in general opens the road for 'class' distinction. A little while ago, however, I looked up the actual figures for co-operative and state housing, published in the *National Economy of the USSR, 1970* (Narodnoye Khozyaistvo SSSR v 1970 godu). The proportion of co-operative house-building to all house-building is three per cent. This would seem to be well within the spirit of the socialist maxim 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his work'. It is obviously no use providing incentives in the form of money, if that money cannot buy real advantages; hence the co-operative scheme, which is also a much-needed means of soaking up accumulated savings. On the other hand, the scale of these advantages is kept well within limits by the massive state housing programme, vastly outweighing the co-operative schemes whose resources are in any case controlled by the state, so that the great majority of people still feel it is simply not worthwhile rushing into the expense and responsibilities of a co-operative flat.

Soviet Yogis

One thing I sometimes feel our district (perhaps 'borough' would be a better term) lacks is a town hall. There are so many things going on, but one can quite easily miss them for want of a local information centre. Quite by chance, for instance, I learned from a neighbour of mine that yoga classes are being held in our district, in the gymnasium of another local factory. Yoga exercises have been catching on here lately in a way that Arthur Koestler certainly never foresaw. I think it began with the numerous Soviet specialists who have been to India on various projects and taken an interest in the local culture. A Soviet friend of mine for instance, while interpreting at the Bhilai project, acquired his own guru. The general intertraffic and good relations with India have also had their effect. (A special issue of *Soviet Literature*, No. 3, 1972, reveals some interesting attitudes.) A couple of years ago an article appeared in the newspaper *Trud* in which a Soviet traveller found that the Yogis were the most healthy, high-spirited and optimistic people he had met in India, and recently *Literaturnaya Gazeta* ran a whole page of comment on the merits of yoga breathing and exercises by prominent medical experts who had actually been testing them under laboratory conditions. The consensus was very

much in favour, there being only one dissenting voice, that of a doctor who said, rather naively, I thought, that modern man was subject to too much stress already without non-essential concentration.

But the biggest impression on the general public was created by the documentary film made in Kiev and called *The Indian Yogis - who are they?* This film began with a significant warning that Yoga teaching emphasises the need for moral goodness as a prerequisite for perfection of the bodily powers. It then showed a number of circus-type tricks (lying on nails, etc.) filmed in India. These, said the commentator, were to be avoided as second-rate sensationalism for commercial purposes. The film then introduced a number of Indian masters of the art who had sensors attached to their bodies and did such things as remaining for long periods in sealed chambers (slowing the heart beat) while scientists observed their condition in the laboratory. One of their pupils, the Soviet yogi, Nikolai Zubkov, was also shown demonstrating before students of Moscow University. These shots were interspersed with scenes taken at yoga classes in Delhi, the Himalayas and the Ukraine, and also some interesting comparisons of the effects obtained by Yoga with those of autosuggestion in particularly susceptible subjects (rigid body suspended between two chairs etc.). The conclusion of the film was that the art of Yoga in combination with Soviet science could be of great benefit to health.

New Departures in Soviet Ballet

Natalia Roslavleva

It is now a little over 15 years since the Bolshoi Ballet opened their first memorable foreign tour at the Royal Opera House with *Romeo and Juliet* on October 3, 1956. The merits and professional qualities of both its dancers and productions were discussed for months afterwards in all the ballet magazines and British choreographers, particularly the young ones, were influenced by the spaciousness, musicality and expressiveness of the Bolshoi style.

On that first foreign visit, the company brought the two great dramatic ballets created in the 1930's, *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev-Lavrovsky) and *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* (Asafiev-Zakharov). In addition Lavrovsky's production of *Giselle* of the same period

also belonged to this same artistic genre, because he brought out the human qualities inherent in the story of Giselle and, with the artistry of Ulanova, made it into a true poem of love conquering death. Ulanova was hailed as the personification of all the best qualities of Soviet Ballet. She lived her role every moment spent on the stage. She did not dance to music, she danced music and was supported by a company not only schooled in technique but also knowing how to achieve characterisation through danced-mime or mimed-dance. These three dance-dramas disclosed the human conflicts and tension of the stories because the choreography of Lavrovsky and Zakharov was much more than the composition of dance steps. No sequence could be detached. Each was part of a whole. Each member of a crowd scene knew exactly to which bars his part was timed so that those dances originating in the crowd scenes carried the action forwards.

It is true some dances were close to mime, but they sprang from, and were wedded to, the score. Could one say with certainty whether the Betrothal of Romeo and Juliet was dance-mimed or mimed-dance? Or Khan Girei's first meeting with Maria during the battle between Tartars and Poles was merely pantomime?

The flow of action, the remarkable ability of the corps de ballet to respond immediately to the different styles of production, sometimes in a single ballet, as, for example, the austere grandeur of the feudal customs against which Romeo and Juliet revolted, are the fount from which Soviet ballet draws its strength and once developed, they remain, as do many others, a part of the total school.

Post 1956

But is Soviet ballet today the same as when it danced at Covent Garden in 1956? On close inspection it is obvious that it is going through an exciting, significant new period, no less evolutionary and more fruitful than that of the dramatic ballets of the thirties. Yet however novel and progressive are the latest creations of the choreographers who only made their first ballets when *Flames of Paris*, *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* and *Romeo and Juliet* were produced, their works stem directly from that foundation. It has influenced and been absorbed into the methods and approach made by all our choreographers throughout the Soviet Union.

The present-day choreographer (usually called the ballet-master) aspires to express the subject in danced-action unbroken by heavy, unmusical and naturalistic mimed scenes which punctuated choreographic dramas during the late nineteenth century. But he always remains a man of the theatre, fully understanding all the professional secrets of which choreography is a part. He has often been trained at a special institute such as the Ballet-master's Faculty at

the Theatre Institute in Moscow (Gitis) or attached to the Leningrad Conservatoire. Equally typical of Soviet ballet is the actor-dancer able to perform in ballets with a wide range of dance expression and with a great virtuosity of technique.

This new period could be described in just three words. 'Everything is dance.' But more must be said. Dance can follow and reproduce the rhythm and measure of the music—but then its inner content would be slight—and many examples of this genre are found in the repertoire of abstract ballets. Perhaps this is why ballet-making is losing its impact, with the exception of some created by Balanchine which are much more than 'notes made with the feet', as Dalcroze used to call his eurythmics.

Soviet ballet is now concerned with a further enrichment of the dancers' and choreographers' palette, and the latter are developing a new approach to the art of making dances appropriate to each ballet. Dance is the strongest possible tool and, if both the action and the characterisation are achieved through dance, then the motto 'Everything through dance' is relevant to the danced-mime of the thirties, and its discovery and disclosure of man's inner thoughts. Something too precious to be lost.

The most able present-day Soviet choreographers want to implement deeply felt ideas in a form that would accord to the æsthetic substance of their art. Greater attention is paid to the choreographic dramaturgy, which is action presented through dance, born from and closely bound to the music, but expressive in its own right.

Grigorovich

So far these principles have been best realised in ballets by Yuri Grigorovich, starting in 1957 with his version of Prokofiev's *Stone Flower*, when he led and inspired a group of young enthusiasts from the Kirov to prepare a ballet as a surprise gift to the Sixth World Festival of Youth and Students taking place in Moscow. It was a daring proposition, for there was little interest in a ballet which had failed when first produced in Moscow in 1954, even with the participation of Ulanova. But Grigorovich, a character dancer, had already created some choreography outside the Kirov and decided to return to the original score (which had been considerably altered) and give his own reading, more appropriate to the spirit of the music and the poetical Urals legend from which it had come.

Despite lack of interest, the young dancers did not give up. At night Grigorovich would dance the roles of Nur-Ali in *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* or the Gladiator in Jacobsen's version of *Spartacus*, both using choreographic principles against which he was

fighting, but during the day, between regular Kirov rehearsals, he and his cast worked on *The Stone Flower*.

In this first big work Grigorovich proved that he had his own method and outlook, which evolved from the symphonic nature of the music. From this he created several deeply felt dance suites, each of which, while artistically complete, grew out of the action and could not be separated from it. The key themes of imaginative dance developed and flowed into one another as did the musical themes.

Simon Virsaladze, Leningrad's best ballet designer, created settings which left the entire stage free for dancing, and this was a further innovation after heavy sets that used to clog the space. His costumes were designed to give the dancers a freedom appropriate to Grigorovich's dance idiom, particularly for those of the Mistress and her Kingdom of the Copper Mountain, which had many daring lifts and acrobatics. *The Stone-Flower* was imitated all over the USSR, although in some cases this was purely superficial (e.g. the use of leotards and acrobatic lifts) rather than a disclosure of the inner meaning of this new method. Such choreographers forgot that they had to convey a message through dance and sometimes had nothing to say.

In his next work, *Legend of Love*, produced at the Kirov in 1961, Grigorovich was able to further considerably his artistic principles as the score, written by the young Azerbaijan composer, Arif Melekov, was commissioned and written in close collaboration with the choreographer, who prepared the general lay-out well in advance. The book was by Nazym Hikmet, Turkish poet and playwright, with whom Grigorovich developed a true artistic understanding by probing the philosophical depths of the beautiful legend, loosely woven from Oriental sources, but being largely the fruit of the poet's own imagination. Thus the story of Queen Mehmene-Banu giving her beauty to save the life of her sister Shirien and of Ferhad giving up love for the sake of his suffering people posed the problem of duty in its various forms.

Grigorovich created key-movements for each group of characters, who moved against the setting designed by Virsaladze. In front of a huge folio with mysterious Arabic lettering on its covers, turbanned courtiers scurried to and fro, creating a general atmosphere of unrest from the rise of the curtain. The Stranger brought in to save Shirien moved like a Dervish in a trance. It was he who demanded the Queen's beauty in return for the Princess's recovery. Each of the three main protagonists had their own corps de ballet who reflected his or her thoughts, the red ensemble accompanying Mehmene-Banu's passionate outbursts being particularly effective, for she loved Ferhad, whilst he loved Shirien. In each

of the three acts there was a striking pas de trois, when, with lights dimmed and a hushed and hidden orchestra, Mehmene, Shirien and Ferhad danced a tragic trio of unresolved love. There were also some completely symphonic ensembles in the ballet; for example, the March of the Queen and her retinue through the palace grounds and the Chase when the fleeing Ferhad and Shirien leapt round the stage in one direction followed by the Queen's janissaries in another. There were many beautiful duets, particularly the first love duet between Shirien and Ferhad in which they never touched each other, followed by their second pas de deux based on intricate and passionate lifts. Shirien's idiom consisted of typically oriental movements and gestures, such as that indicating the 'gazelle'. Mehmene's monologue also contained some of these traditional 'mudras' such as the lovely gesture of 'looking into a mirror' before deciding to give up her beauty. Thus Grigorovich's choreography was self-expressive. If properly performed it spoke an exact meaning, as it always did in Leningrad and Moscow.

Spartacus

Grigorovich's greatest triumph came in 1968 with his version of Aram Khachaturian's *Spartacus*, a bold undertaking as it had already had several unsuccessful productions. He turned *Spartacus* inside out, so to speak, virtually creating a new book and score by persuading Khachaturian to make changes in his massive canvas and compose some important linking passages to the new scenes. Grigorovich envisaged his ballet as one for 'Four soloists with corps de ballet', as in symphonic music's 'Concerto for piano (or two violins, etc.) and orchestra'.

In the Grigorovich version scene follows scene to further the action. Each of the nine monologues (he does not like to call them dance solos) binds one tableau to the next and delineates the inner thoughts and emotions of the main characters, Spartacus, Crassus, Phrygia and Aegina. Five monologues belong to Spartacus, a real tragic hero, whose character is shown developing. In attempting to portray convincingly conflicting forces, Grigorovich determined to create an image of Crassus that would be as strong as Spartacus and he was therefore given dance characteristics of immense power that also required considerable acting ability. Maris Liepa, in creating this role, was called 'the Laurence Olivier of ballet', for his dramatically charged interpretation.

There are many great moments in this ballet, the finest being the masterly finale reaching the tragic height of a work by Michaelangelo. Both choreographer and designer borrowed freely from Renaissance painters and the requiem of Phrygia (Ekaterina Maximova) over Spartacus (Vladimir Vassiliev) is reminiscent of numer-

ous Pietas which are artistic generalisations of the death of a Hero. So when four Gladiators carry Spartacus to immortality, his arms hanging limply over a red cloth, and Phrygia supported by mourning women shield his body with her own, the finale of this high tragedy is asserting the heroism of a life of the highest order.

Grigorovich and his principal colleagues were awarded a Lenin Prize for the Arts in 1968. Galina Ulanova summed up this work thus : 'Ballet, the most stylized of arts, will move the heart and agitate the mind only when the author finds and shows truth by this very stylization'. This is what she considered Grigorovich had done in *Spartacus*. A true man of the theatre, Grigorovich uses all its expressive means to develop the main ideas of his work. The entire action is presented through a highly stylized modern idiom, which is firmly grounded in classical ballet. Music critics say his choreography is developed polyphonically as in symphonies. But he is a symphonist with a difference. His choreography, whilst true to the music, does not copy its structure slavishly; it grows according to its own laws.

The late Kasyan Goleizovsky felt Grigorovich was successfully initiating ballet reform and *Spartacus* is an important milestone, if considered in perspective. There is only one step now left towards the creation of an equally great contemporary ballet, that is with a theme taken from today. Even if Grigorovich himself does not achieve this, his methods are there for those who can apply them wisely to a contemporary theme.

Such attempts are now being made by many young talented choreographers, such as Oleg Vinogradov in Leningrad, Natalia Kasatkina and Vladimir Vassiliev in Moscow, Mai Murmaa in Tallin, Ulo Vilimaa in Tartu, who are the most gifted. And it was reassuring that, in the recent national contest for choreographers in Moscow, in 1972, Genrikh Mayorov, still a student at the Leningrad Conservatoire, won first prize for his excellent pieces on contemporary themes. Being young himself he was able to convey successfully the spirit of Soviet youth, and the audience rewarded him with thunderous applause even before the jury's decision was made public. Mayorov's choreography was modern, but based on all the best traditions of Russian classical ballet. Tradition cannot exist without innovation, but innovation rings true only when supported by tradition.

Two Poems

Maxim Tank

Тебе дали обычное имя,
Не зная, что ты станешь
Необыкновенной,
Что ты будешь красивее всех,
Кому это имя принадлежало
Во все времена.
И поэтому всякий раз
Я называю тебя по-новому.

Можно ли обойтись
Одним именем
Зимою и летом,
Днем и ночью,
При расставаньях и встречах
С тобой?

* * *

На вопрос,
Отчего мои руки всегда тянутся
К бороне,
Молотку,
Лопате,
Я отвечаю:
— Оттого, что все еще верю
В былые приметы.
Верю в то, что, когда завершается
Жизнь человека,
На чаши весов непременно кладут
Не только дела, плохие и добрые,
Но и рабочие инструменты,
С которыми ты дружил.
И я не завидую тем,
Кто положит на чуткие чаши
Только ложку большую,
Только длинный язык.

(These two poems, which were originally written in Byelorussian, were translated from that language into Russian by Yakov Khelem-sky, and from Russian into English by Ruth Kisch.)

They gave you an ordinary name,
Not knowing you would become
Someone out of the ordinary,
That you would be more lovely than all
Who had borne that name
Through all ages past.
That is why I call you
Something different each time I meet you.

How can one make do
With just one name
For winter and summer,
For day and night,
For meeting you, and then
Parting from you?

* * *

When they ask
Why do my hands still stretch out to
The harrow,
Or hammer,
or spade,
Then I answer –
Because I still hold to
Some old beliefs.
I believe that when at the last
A man's life is over,
On the scales will be laid without fail
Not only his deeds, bad and good,
But the tools, too,
That served him as friends.
And I do not envy those
With nothing to lay on the finely-hung
balance
But a big spoon

The Kazakh Soviet Socialist Republic

Rauza Shamzhanova

(Chairman of the Presidium of the Kazakh Society of Friendship
and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries)

The President of Kazakhstan, Sabir Niyazbekov, described his Republic as a country re-created by the October Revolution when he was addressing the World Fair EXPO-67 in Montreal. He was not using a figure of speech because the Kazakh nation, which had been deprived even of its own name under tsarism, achieved sovereign statehood for the first time in history with the establishment of Soviet power. Today Kazakhstan occupies a worthy place in the fraternal community of the 15 Soviet Republics that make up the Soviet Union, the fiftieth anniversary of which will be celebrated in December of this year.

The Republic occupies a vast territory into which could be fitted eleven times the territory of Great Britain. Its northern borders lie on the same parallel as Copenhagen and London, while its southernmost towns are on the same latitude as Madrid and Rome. It has a markedly continental climate as all of its territory is located far from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and more than half of it consists of desert or semi-desert. The volume of fresh water supplies available in Kazakhstan puts it in fourteenth place among the 15 republics and only the Turkmen Republic, adjoining it in the Kara-Kum desert, is more deficient. The lakes in Kazakhstan contain mainly salt water.

The mineral wealth, in contrast, is as abundant in Kazakhstan as the vegetation is scarce. Geologists have already found present on its territory deposits of every known mineral in the world and estimate that these deposits make up in total one fifteenth of the known world mineral resources. No serious geological surveys had been made in Kazakhstan before the October Revolution although nomadic herdsmen often found outcrops of mineral deposits when moving with their herds across the deserts. Appak Baihanov, a nomad, discovered the incalculable coal deposits of Karaganda and legend ascribes the discovery of the richest deposits of copper ore in the world in Djezkazgan to a group of herdsmen. This occurred so long ago that it is difficult to find any reliable evidence about it. It lies in a semi-desert territory, where even today inhabited centres are separated by hundreds of kilometres, although it was once quite

a lively crossroads of history. There are traces of the presence of many ancient nations and civilizations here in the form of obelisks, stone sculptures and cliff paintings.

Industrial and urban development

Kazakhstan's share of the industrial output of the country in the first years after the October Revolution was 0.28 per cent. Today it occupies first place in the Soviet Union for the output of copper, lead and zinc. It has become one of the biggest producers of coal, oil, iron and rolled steel. Its production has risen nineteenfold over that of the prewar year of 1940 and the present output during 1½ months is equal to the annual output of 1950.

Kazakhstan exports 300 items of industrial goods to nearly 80 different countries. Its zinc and copper have been registered in the London metal market as standards of purity and quality. Deliveries are nowadays made to Great Britain from Kazakhstan of wire-drawing machines, X-ray equipment, automatic presses, sheet steel, voltage stabilizers, zinc and lead, copper, chromates and chrome compounds, along with a variety of other commodities. There are in turn enterprises in Alma-Ata, Karaganda, and Pavlodar that are using lathes built in workshops in Great Britain.

Our people have a saying that 'A country is revived in fifty years', and this is borne out by the history of our Republic. The old image of the Kazakh steppe as a place in which nomads roamed is rapidly changing. Cartographers are unable to insert on their maps fast enough the names of new cities being built today. Half the Kazakhstanians are nowadays urban dwellers. Whilst in pre-revolutionary Kazakhstan there was not a single inhabited centre with a population over 30,000, there are today two cities with over 500,000, five with over 200,000 and ten with over 100,000 inhabitants. Eight of these towns have been founded in Soviet times.

Natural resources

Attention to the conservation of the natural, living wealth of Kazakhstan has grown in step with the very rapid industrial development. From ancient times travellers visiting central Asia expressed their admiration of the blue pearl of the desert, as Lake Balkhash was often called. Today an industrial town with nearly 100,000 people, along with over 20 smaller inhabited centres, have grown up around its shores. It is surrounded on three sides by a network of railway lines and enterprises strung out along them. In spite of this industrial boom the micro-climate of the lake has not been affected thanks to the concern for it shown by the public and also by the local authorities. There are dozens of scientific research institutes actively involved in the preservation of the crystal purity of the atmosphere and waters of Lake Balkhash.

A long established example of the concern for conservation may be seen in the preservation of fauna. In the early 1920's, the saigak (*saiga tatarica*), which was a contemporary of the mammoth, was considered to be doomed to total extinction. There were only several hundred head of this unique antelope remaining in the semi-desert areas bordering the Aral Sea and between the Ural and Volga rivers. Had it not been taken under the active protection of the Soviet state it would have disappeared from the face of the earth. Active steps to preserve it were taken even during the difficult times of the Civil War, when the country was gripped in the vice of hunger, armed conflict and devastation. A Decree on Hunting was signed on 27th May, 1919, that prohibited the hunting of saigaks and placed them under the protection of the state. This measure alone was, of course, insufficient to restore the herds of this valuable animal and a large number of biologists and hunting experts were employed on this task. There are now over 1,000,000 saigaks on Kazakhstan soil and although they have become once again a game animal their hunting is strictly regulated.

A nature reserve has been set up on the Kurgaldjin system of lakes and this plays an important part in the preservation of rare species of birds. It forms one of the biggest nesting grounds for migrating waterfowl such as the white *Cygnus cygnus* and *Cygnus olor* swans, geese and twenty species of ducks. Pelicans, ibis *Platalea leucorodia*, and sea doves, which have become biological rarities, also migrate here. The pride and symbol of the nature preserve are rose flamingos that nest on Lake Tengiz, which is the northernmost nesting place of this superbly beautiful bird.

Steps are not only being taken to preserve natural wealth but also to create and recreate it, especially in desert areas. The oil workers of Mangyshlak have planted orchards and groves of trees that have driven the desert back from the shores of the Caspian Sea with the aid of its desalinated water. The metallurgists of South Kazakhstan have created on oasis town, Kentau, in the sands of the Kyzyl-Kum Desert with the aid of water pumped up from the water-logged mines. Nature had deprived central Kazakhstan of water but the Irtysh-Karaganda Canal has been built by raising the level of the Siberian Irtysh River to a height of 500 metres and transporting water from it 500 kilometres away. Water supplies from this canal not only serve the largest industrial complexes of Central Kazakhstan but they also irrigate the steppes which had remained uncultivated for centuries and which now provide bumper harvests of agricultural crops. There has been a remarkable increase in agricultural production and one fifth of the total area of land under grain crops in the Soviet Union is now to be found in Kazakhstan.

Many people are unaware of the fact that an ancient civilization existed on the present territory of Kazakhstan with such flourishing town as Otrar and Taraz, that were famous far beyond the borders of central Asia for their distinctiveness and wealth. Here Al-Farabi, one of the greatest thinkers of the early Middle Ages, was born and lived. This ancient civilization was wiped out by seemingly endless wars brought about by invasions from both east and west. The aspiration of the people for enlightenment and education was however never subdued and during the Soviet regime, with the help of the other nations in the Soviet Union, the Kazakhs have risen in a very short time from a most backward condition of cultural development to the greatest heights achieved anywhere by man. The Republic now has over 10,000 schools in which more than 3,000,000 children are studying, along with 45 higher schools. There are 152 students per 10,000 people engaged in higher education. There is a Kazakh Academy of Sciences with 190 scientific research institutes attached to it.

It is especially pleasing to me to note the radical changes that have taken place in the fate of women in my country. Soviet power has given them an opportunity for cultural development that has brought them into full equality with men in all spheres of life. There are 170 women among the 482 members of the Supreme Soviet of the Republic, and one of them is deputy president of its presidium. Three women hold ministerial posts, nine are deputy ministers and one of these is deputy Minister of Finance. Every fifth Candidate and every seventh Doctor of Science is a woman.

Life Span

Before the October Revolution women were the most oppressed people, without a single right. They bore all the burdens of the difficult life of a nomad and frequently died early in life before they could raise a family. Before the Revolution, the average life span for a Kazakh was 32 years. Trachoma, leprosy, plague, cholera and similar diseases commonly ravaged many regions. Today the health services are nourished by 5 medical institutes and 25 medical schools. Over 30,000 doctors and medical staff are trained in these annually and there are now 21 doctors per 10,000 inhabitants.

Anatomical measurements and medical statistics both confirm that improvements in living conditions at home and at work have led to marked changes in the physiology of Kazakh women, and children born today are between 1 and 1.5 kilogrammes heavier and of much better physique than those born 30-50 years ago.

There is a wise eastern saying that runs 'a nation on the up-surge produces many flowers and poets'. The centuries-old cultural heritage of the Kazakh people flowered in many new forms after

the October Revolution. Its writers have adopted new literary forms and a professional fine art that was formerly prohibited by the Moslem religion has been created. Kazakh music has advanced from one-voiced singing and works written for one instrument to symphonies, modern operas and ballets. Kazakh artists have performed in many European countries.

This cultural advance has been made possible by access to the best achievements of the cultures of other nations, especially that of the Russian people. It is through Russian culture and language that the treasury of world literature has been brought to Kazakhstan in the form of such classics as Heinrich Heine, Victor Hugo and William Shakespeare. Copies of the works of such authors are included among the 23 million books published annually in the Republic for its 13 million population. In addition to Russian translations of the world's best writers, since 1931 Kazakh people have been able to read Shakespeare, Dickens, Byron, Burns, Defoe, Maughan and others in their native Kazakh language translations. *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *The Taming of the Shrew* are among those immortal plays of Shakespeare that are often performed on the stage of the Kazakh Drama Theatre, which is named after M. O. Auezov. Academician Mukhtar Auezov, who is an expert both in Oriental and Western literature, has made available the works of Shakespeare in Kazakh translations to a very wide readership. He is the author of the 'Abai' epic poem that has been translated into forty languages.

Links of friendship between the Kazakh and British people were forged long ago. During the first five year plan greetings were received in Kazakhstan from a number of individuals or organisations in Britain addressed to the builders of the Turkestan-Siberian Railway. Visits from British delegations began as early as 1921 when delegates from Britain to the Third Congress of the Communist International were received in Kazakhstan.

Today cultural ties are maintained with 89 countries throughout the world. Kazakhstan is itself a multi-national community of over 100 nationalities living in a single friendly family and it knows both the value of friendship and how to nourish it. The flourishing of its economic and cultural wealth during the years of Soviet power is the result of the combined efforts and will of this multi-national community, along with the friendship and assistance of all Soviet peoples. Together this year we shall celebrate the 50th anniversary of the creation of the Soviet Union, itself the fruit of Lenin's wise national policy. Fifty years ago the great fraternity of nations was organised and for the Kazakh people these years have been the most joyous, the most vivid and the most fruitful of its centuries long history.

J. B. S. Haldane and Soviet Russia

G. E. Feldman, Cand. Sc. (Biol.)

*(This is a slightly abbreviated version of the text supplied by
Novosti)*

* * *

The author of this article has spent several years collecting material on the scientific work of J. B. S. Haldane in various fields of natural science. He has published a number of reviews and translations of the work of the eminent British scientist relating to particular problems of biology. He wrote his thesis for his Candidate of Science Degree (Biology) entitled 'J. B. S. Haldane and his contribution to the development of contemporary biological sciences.' This will be published by the *Nauka* Publishing House as a monograph in 1973 and in addition the author has prepared for the press a reader covering a wide range of Haldane's popular scientific essays in natural science. In all there are 60 essays in a volume of 300 pages. The anthology is intended for research workers and post-graduate students of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, as a means of learning scientific English from the best examples of this kind. It will include a foreword by Naomi Mitchison, novelist and sister of Haldane, and an introduction by the author of this article.

* * *

Haldane was first known in Russia in 1924 with the publication of his book '*Daedalus, or Sciences and the Future*' in a Russian translation. In this examination of the future of the human race he expressed the hope that reason would prevail over the madness of destruction. Although the young Haldane was acquainted with Marxist literature he had not yet seen in what way and with what concrete forces mankind could be saved from destruction. He was confident that the centre of gravity of scientific work would shift to biology.

His early work in genetics (1919-1920) set forth the mathematical methods for the analysis of recombinations in the chromosome apparatus and for the determination of the genetic distance between two loci. This work was highly praised in 1924 by Yuri Filipchenko (1882-1930), who was one of the pioneers of Russian genetics.

The experiments that he conducted on himself in 1920-1924 were brilliantly described in his popular science fragment *On Being*

One's Own Rabbit, and were in direction continuation of the research done by his father, J. S. Haldane (1860-1936), in the investigation of man's respiration in extreme conditions. The results of these investigations were incorporated in the work of the distinguished Russian physiologist, Aleksandr Samoilov (1867-1930) in his work entitled *The Human Organism as an Object of Physiological Research*, published in 1925. This is still of use in the study of high altitude and underwater physiology.

Haldane was one of the early contributors to the mathematical theory of natural selection based on developments in genetics in 1924 and he enthusiastically welcomed the studies of Sergei Chetverikov (1880-1959), the Soviet geneticist and author of *On Some Features of the Process of Evolution in the Light of Modern Genetics*, published in 1926. Nikolai Vavilov (1887-1942) made friends with Haldane in 1912-1913 when he was working in William Bateson's laboratory in Cambridge and helped to acquaint Soviet scientists with Haldane's work in genetics, physiology and biochemistry and with his progressive social views. During a fortnight's visit to the Soviet Union in September, 1928, on the invitation of Vavilov, Haldane visited several scientific institutions in Moscow and Leningrad.

In 1971, Vladimir Engelhardt, a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, recalled a meeting with Haldane during that visit. He wrote: 'We met in 1928 at a routine session of the Physiological Society in a large lecture hall in the Department of Physiology of Moscow University. Haldane delivered a paper on the mechanisms of the acid-alkali equilibrium in the human body. This subject had already developed to great importance but much of what he said was new to his audience. The main point he made was that as a result of intensive or rather extreme lung ventilation (hyperventilation) too much carbon dioxide was removed and this then caused a shift in the acid-alkali balance and the alkalinisation of the organism. He concluded the paper with a description of the specificities of the intricate and finely coordinated mechanisms that help regulate the human body. At the end the whole audience rose in ovation and it was for me the experience of a lifetime.'

Shortly after his return from Russia in September, 1928, Haldane said that Russia was well ahead of all countries, with the possible exception of the United States, in research into animal and plant genetics, and maintained that Russia would take the lead in the investigation of heredity.

His visit led to a basic change in his philosophical outlook from radicalism to the recognition and total acceptance of dialectical materialism. He became an admirer of the social system in the young Soviet Russia and, in particular, of the status enjoyed by

science and the educational system there. This was borne out in a lecture he gave to the Fabian Society in October, 1928. Soon after this he began to popularise the latest developments in natural science from the standpoint of Marxist philosophy. From 1930 onwards he shewed a keen interest in developments in Soviet science and corresponded with the leading biologists. His books, *Enzymes* (1930), and *The Causes of Evolution* (1932), were published in Russian translations. He attached great importance to the role played by external social factors, in an article entitled *Genetics and Modern Social Theories* that he wrote on request for the Soviet journal *Uspekhi Sovremennoi Biologii* (Advances in Modern Biology).

Haldane was a man of active and militant character and could not stand aloof from the clash with fascism on the battlefields of Spain. He spent eight months there in 1936-1938 as the official adviser to the Government of the Spanish Republic on air and anti-gas defence. He also helped to organise the blood transfusion service. He wrote *A.R.P.* in 1937 on the basis of his experience in the Spanish Civil War and in particular in the organisation of anti-aircraft defence measures. On his return to England he delivered a course of lectures at the University of Birmingham, later published under the title *Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences*, which Nikolai Vavilov valued highly.

It was at this time that Haldane began the preparation for publication of the first English translation of Friedrich Engels' *Dialectics of Nature*. He wrote a valuable foreword and scientific commentary on it which were included in the publication in November, 1939. Haldane approached Engels' work not as a dogmatist but as a true scientist. He managed to discern the vital revolutionary contents of Engels' views on natural science even though some of these were antiquated in form.

The Soviet Academy of Sciences elected him an honorary member on 8th May, 1942, for the services that he had rendered to world science over a wide field of natural science including genetics, physiology, biochemistry and mathematics and for his outstanding social and political activity.

He was requested to contribute to *Priroda* (Nature), a journal of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, a special article related to the 90th anniversary of Lenin's birth. He called the article *The Great Feat*, saying that whenever he thought about the Soviet Union he invariably associated it with Lenin. He had found Lenin's brief essay on dialectics to be highly useful. 'Lenin helped me to understand how unity of opposites determined development', Haldane wrote. He maintained that it was particularly important for a scientist to realise in his own work that scientific knowledge developed dialectically, and that he studied matter that really existed.

He claimed that more scientists would do this if they studied *Materialism and Empiriocriticism* by Lenin. He regarded this as of tremendous value for the understanding of science and philosophy in all countries in general and in ancient India in particular.

On the eve of the space age Haldane took a great interest in the preparations to ensure the safety of spacemen during flight. He approached these from the point of view of a physiologist, physicist and mathematician. He greeted the launching of the early Soviet satellites and devoted a series of articles to the breathtaking achievements of Soviet cosmonautics. These included *Dog Aboard a Sputnik*, *Advances in the Study of Human Behaviour in Space and Under Water*, *What I Would Like to Know about Yuri Gagarin*, *Why Send a Woman into Space?* and *The Delivery of a Soviet Pennant to the Moon*.

Haldane's 75th birthday was celebrated in 1968 by a special memorial session—the Haldane Lectures—organised by the Institute for the History of Natural Science and Technology, and the Institute of Biology of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Among the prominent men of science present at these lectures were Academicians Boris Astaurov, Bonifati Kedrov, Professors Nikolai Timofeyev-Ressovski, Vladimir Yefroimson and Aleksandr Malinovski.

Peter the Great 1672-1725

A small exhibition to mark the tercentenary of the birth of Peter the Great opened on June 9th in the Caird Entrance of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The aim of the exhibition is to give some impression of the extent of the Tsar's experience of the West during his visit in 1697-8, and of the importance of western technology, especially in the sphere of maritime affairs, to developments in Russia during the rest of his reign.

1724 was the only year of peace in Russia during Peter's reign. The roots of change lay in this policy of constant war which demanded the reorganisation of Russia's economy, administration, and above all industry and armed forces. Peter's visit to the West stemmed from his realisation that Russia herself did not possess the necessary technological resources to achieve this reorganisation, but must look to the more advanced western powers to gain knowledge of the latest techniques, and also to recruit specialists for service in Russia.

In 1697 Peter spent several months in Holland working as a

carpenter in the shipyards but was disappointed by the empirical methods of the Dutch. At the beginning of 1698 therefore he came to England hoping to discover principles and theories behind the English techniques of shipbuilding and seamanship which could be applied in Russia. He had long admired the skill of the English in their ability to draft the full plan of a ship before the actual task of building her had begun, and at Deptford he was instructed in how to lay off the lines of ships, cut out the moulds, and in every other aspect of naval architecture about which he inquired.

King William III presented Peter with one of his most modern ships, the *Royal Transport*, and allowed him free access to all naval and military establishments, including the arsenal and gun-foundry at Woolwich. He invited Peter to review the Fleet and watch naval manoeuvres at Portsmouth, and even gave his approval to the hiring of Englishmen for service in Russia. Over 60 specialists followed the Tsar back to Russia, among them master builders, block and mast makers, riggers and anchor smiths.

It was not solely naval matters that attracted the Tsar. His interest in astronomy as an aid to navigation took him to the then recently established Royal Observatory at Greenwich (now part of the National Maritime Museum). John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, recorded these visits in his *Historia Coelestis* and stated that Peter made an observation of the planet Venus on the mural arc. The magnificent buildings of Greenwich Hospital (now the Royal Naval College) also impressed the Tsar and prompted him to remark to William III : "If I were the adviser of your Majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich and convert St. James's into a Hospital". The Tsar was greatly attracted by the modern scientific method of the West and took more pleasure in his visits to the Observatory, the Royal Society and the Mint, than those to Parliament or the Court.

The greater part of the exhibition concentrates on the Tsar's stay in England, partly because most of his activities were centred locally around Greenwich, Deptford and Woolwich, and partly because much of the material available for display relates to this period. The exhibition concludes with a brief review relating the visit to later developments in Russia and outlining the British contribution to the creation of the Russian Navy, which was one of Peter's greatest and certainly his most original achievement, turning Russia for the first time into a naval power.

The exhibits include engravings and paintings, among which are two portraits of the Tsar, a ship model of the period, and one of six photographs presented to the National Maritime Museum by the Naval Museum, Leningrad, of late 16th and early 17th century English Admiralty Board models now in their custody. The log

of the *Royal Transport* is on view, showing the record of the Tsar's first visit to the ship; also on display are some Russian naval medals of the period, and an 'order of battle' allegedly bearing Peter the Great's signature.

The exhibition will remain open until the beginning of October, during the Museum's normal opening hours of 10.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. from Mondays to Fridays, and 2.30 to 6.00 p.m. on Sundays.

Soviet Forensic Psychiatry

Professor Georgi Morozov

(Corresponding Member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences and Director of the Serbski Central Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry).

Soviet forensic psychiatry is an offshoot of general psychiatry. It nevertheless has to deal with special problems that arise from the fact that, although it is part of the public health service, it must safeguard the legal guarantees of mental patients. Forensic psychiatrists are called upon to assist the courts in any decision about the responsibility of persons whose mental normality is in doubt.

The tasks performed in forensic psychiatric clinical examination may be defined as follows. First, it is necessary to determine the mental state and sanity of someone who has been apprehended or who is subject to criminal investigation, if the person investigating the case, or the court, has doubts about that person's sanity. Second, advice must be given on the necessary medical treatment of persons who have been found insane or who have become mentally ill after committing a crime. Third, it is necessary to determine the mental condition of a person with symptoms of mental disorder that may have developed during the serving of a sentence and advice must be given about the most appropriate medical treatment. Fourth, it may be necessary to determine the mental state of victims of crime and witnesses, and advise on the capability of anyone involved in court proceedings where doubt has been cast on their sanity.

Full opportunity to obtain an objective, scientifically based, expert examination in forensic psychiatry is guaranteed to everyone in the Soviet Union both by the law and by the facilities available for psychiatric aid. Specialist forensic psychiatric institutions come within the framework of the public health service under Soviet law. This service exercises supervision over their work both

with respect to the methods employed and the organisation of their work. This is of cardinal importance because this arrangement ensures that the examination of persons is conducted independently of the parties concerned and guarantees its objectivity.

A forensic psychiatric expert examination may be instituted during a preliminary inquiry into a case, during the hearing of the case in the court, or while the sentence is being served. Although the right to institute an expert examination is vested in the investigating bodies and the courts, the accused, the relatives of the accused, guardians or lawyers acting in their defence may appeal to the courts with a request of such examination.

The procedure for such expert examination makes it possible for the determination of the mental state of the person concerned and advice on the appropriate medical treatment, if necessary, to be effected at any stage from the preliminary examination to the serving of a sentence. The law provides that the examination may be conducted in a hospital, clinic, court, in the investigator's office, or, in special cases, where the person concerned has died or disappeared, the examination may be based on the available legal and medical documents.

Soviet courts and investigating bodies regard expert examinations as a highly complicated matter and therefore give preference to opinions obtained from more than one expert, as a panel is more likely to be objective and authoritative. Public health authorities appoint standing forensic psychiatric boards at mental hospitals to conduct expert examinations (similar to other medical boards in hospitals) for hospital expert examination, and also forensic psychiatric boards at mental dispensaries for clinic expert examination.

As a general rule a hospital observation period should not exceed thirty days. If it is not possible to reach a final opinion within this time owing to the complexity or ambiguity of the clinical picture of the case, the board of experts may submit a reasoned case for the extension of the observation period.

The expert member of the examining board is invariably a qualified doctor and psychiatrist. On the basis of the clinical data obtained from examining the person concerned and the documents involved in the case, the board will advise the investigation body, or the court, on whether they are dealing with a sick or healthy person and the extent of any mental disorder that may be present. Expert opinion is required for a decision to be taken on the responsibility of a person who is accused of a crime. The board is also required to give its opinion in such cases whether the person concerned should be held in custody. If the mental disorder is of a temporary character, the board may advise that the accused may not be able to take part in a preliminary inquiry, in the court hear-

ing or serve a sentence for a given period of time. If the mental disorder is chronic, the board may advise that the accused cannot appear in court and face responsibility for an offence committed before the disorder developed. In such a case the board will advise that the accused cannot be held in custody but should be transferred to a mental hospital for treatment.

The board may call for additional evidence over and above the legal documents in the case and the findings of the expert clinical examination. They can obtain medical case histories and interrogate witnesses as to the mental state of the person concerned over a period of time. The latter is most important if there is any suggestion that the accused may have suffered from a temporary mental disorder at the time the offence was alleged to have been committed, although there was no evidence of this in the clinical examination. The board will need to have details of the behaviour of the accused, what his relations were with his associates at the time, and any statements he made at the time in order to be able to determine his mental state and his culpability. Soviet law provides that an expert has the right to attend the court proceedings, to question the defendant and to confer with other experts involved in the case.

The board's opinion is submitted as a written statement signed by each of its members, each one of whom bears an equal responsibility for the contents of the document. If any member of the board differs from his fellow members on any matter, he has the right to refrain from signing the document and may submit a special opinion which must be attached to the document. The findings of the board, like the findings of any other body of experts, carry no predetermined weight with the court. They merely form part of the judicial evidence. The court itself must appraise all the evidence before it, and it is the final judge of questions of sanity and culpability.

If the opinion of the board is considered by the court to be inadequate, another examination by a different board can be called for. In particularly difficult cases, the task may be assigned to the Serbski Central Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry, although in law the opinion presented by the staff of the Serbski Institute and that of experts in any mental hospital carry equal legal force. The court must take account of each opinion offered and assess it in relation to the factual evidence in the case. If it disagrees with the opinion submitted by an examining board, it must present arguments in support of its position.

In any discussion of the organisation of forensic psychiatric examination in the Soviet Union one must take into account the part played by the Serbski Central Research Institute of Forensic

(Continued on p. 64)

Kozintsev's Lear

Martin Green

Grigori Kozintsev's *King Lear*, which had its premiere at the Paris Pullman on 6 July, arrived in this country already laden with laurels. It won the Grand Prix at the Teheran Film Festival 1972; Shostakovich wrote an original score for it; and the Russian spoken in the film is that of the translation by Boris Pasternak. Happily, the sub-titles are supplied by our own William Shakespeare.

It is arguable whether the cinema can add anything to what Shakespeare has already given us and the only excuse for making a film version of Shakespeare is perhaps in the first instance to find a non-theatre-going audience for his work. On the other hand it could be argued that the cinema can tell us something about Shakespeare's time that the stage cannot render so immediately. This, in a sense, is the argument of the director, Grigori Kozintsev, who creates, in the words of the press handout, 'an important new hero : the People'. And indeed, we are certainly made aware of the people. The film opens with a file of beggars, ill-clad and scrofulous, the halt, the lame and the blind. The file grows into an army, the army into a crowd, a crowd awaiting its fate beneath the walls of the castle. There is no question that we doubt the sores on these ill-clad bodies; these are not extras at £5 per day covered in hessian and burnt cork, they are genuine human beings dressed in the skins of animals and they know that life is nasty, brutish and short.

The people thus having set the scene, we now move to the court, with Gloster introducing his bastard son Edmund to my Lord of Kent. They are awaiting the entrance of Lear, who is about to divide his kingdom between his daughters. The camera moves round pausing on each of the important faces in the drama in turn; Regan and Goneril, ugly sisters, heavily built, avaricious; Cordelia, fair, delicate, sensitive. Regan and Goneril go through their protestations of love rapidly, like children reciting a catechism. Cordelia is hesitant, embarrassed, pre-empted of speech by the insincerities of her sisters: 'Nothing, my lord,' she says.

'Nothing!'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.'

'Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave my heart into my mouth : I love your majesty according to my bond : nor more, nor less.'

Lear throws his tantrum, France takes Cordelia, Kent is banished and the court breaks up. The scenes of movement are beautifully

done : the fires are real, the dogs and falcons savage, the servants servile, the courtiers fawning. The fool in particular, Oleg Dal, is an inspired piece of casting, skating convincingly through the part, looking like a bright-eyed orphan with a shaven head, the only voice of reason, apparently, in a world gone mad.

Thereafter, as the action of the play progresses and the characters in the drama begin to fulfil their various destinies, so to do they become themselves the more, Edmund accepting and embracing his bastardization, Edgar his feigned madness, Regan and Goneril getting coarser and more greedy with every turn of the plot.

It is in what my version of Shakespeare blandly calls 'ACT III. SCENE 1. - *A Heath*,' that the director, cameraman and the other technicians allow themselves to go to town. Lear, a rather frail and alert old man in Yuri Yarvet's portrayal, pits himself against the storm, pursued by a distraught Kent and a beseeching Fool, and it is here in this part of the film that 'the People' emerge once more, when Lear is persuaded into the hovel, a seething mass of verminous humanity surmounted by a mad Edgar.

The camera is allowed to dwell once more on the physical decrepitude of the poor, enabling much to be made of Lear's speech :

'Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *O, I have ta'en*
Too little care of this!'

And indeed we are suddenly confronted with a man who has ruled over the lives of a people whose condition he has never examined, whose existence has been outside his experience, a people, perhaps, to whom he has been totally indifferent.

Whether the sub-titles linger deliberately over those passages that are brought out to serve the director's purpose or not, I don't know, but certainly they jump out of the screen and into the mind, like 'O, I have ta'en/Too little care of this!' and even when the Fool is giving us some of his apparently harmless ditties, as in

'*Fortune, that arrant whore,*
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.'

it is immediately applicable, through the work of the camera, which makes the image on the screen fit the words. And it is in this that the film works, if it does at all, to give us something more than Shakespeare's words. We get a visual apprehension of what life was like, externally, in Shakespeare's time and by inference in the Middle Ages as well as in a legendary prehistoric world, a kind of *Tir-na-Og*.

Meanwhile, beyond the hovel and the poor, the various threads are leading to the climax; Gloster is blinded; Goneril's milk-livered Albany is beginning to emerge as one of Lear's few trusted allies; Edmund, having betrayed his father and his brother, is setting out to put sister against sister; and France is preparing for invasion.

The various actors in the drama begin to converge on Dover, though this is no English Kent, a green-clad countryside of hops and fruit; this is some rock-strewn, inhospitable landscape alien to flora or fauna, through which poor Tom O'Bedlam (Edgar) leads his blind father, and foils his attempted suicide. Edmund, with a reluctant Albany, leads the English against the French. The French are defeated in the battle which ensues, and once again, the people come to the fore, for this is no battle of gallant knights on noble palfreys, but of sweating squaddies hacking each other to death at close quarters, and firing the thatched cottages as they pass; this is what battle is like. It is in the action again that you are reminded that you are watching a film, as if the cameraman is jealous of the playwright for making him follow the speech, so that when he gets a chance to show his own skill, he lets rip, as in the battle scene.

The tragic climax which, as so often in Shakespeare, would be ridiculous but for the magnificence of the language, shudders towards a close. Edgar reveals himself and slays his half-brother in open combat; Edmund confessing with his dying breath that he has ordered the execution of Lear and Cordelia. Lear's reunion with Cordelia is short-lived; she is already hanged by the time Edmund's treachery is discovered. To the unsupportable grief that Lear has thrust upon him is added that of the Fool's death – he is no more, hanged like Cordelia, and those five words into which so much is compressed – 'Never, never, never, never, never,' are wrung from Lear's exhausted frame. As Lear himself dies, we agree with Kent; 'O, let him pass! He hates him,/That would upon the rack of this tough world/Stretch him out longer.'

As the film closes, we see the bodies of Regan and Goneril, Lear and Cordelia, wheeled away on rough-hewn tumbrils and we are suddenly reminded that this is a father and these his daughters, all dead within an hour of each other.

I don't think Kozintsev has given us 'the' as opposed to 'an' interpretation of Lear, any more than any director or producer can ever give us a definitive interpretation of Shakespeare. Shakespeare will continue to be meaningful, as is all great art, as long as mankind uses language. We can welcome Kozintsev's film version as an addition to our knowledge of Shakespeare's versatility and we can forgive him, perhaps, for having written a book called *William Shakespeare: Our Contemporary*; for art knows no boundaries and ignores frontiers, political ideologies, or any other barrier that divides man from his brother.

Gorky's *Lower Depths*

Irene Slatter

Watching David Jones' new production of Gorky's *Lower Depths* one not only gets a good idea of a section of society in Russia in 1900, but also one can see the relevance of the play to-day in England. The doss house in Russia, although some of the problems are specifically Russian, could be found in one of the big cities in England. This effect is achieved in two ways. First, Gorky described timeless and universal problems, and, second, David Jones brought his own special touch by giving some of the cast regional British accents, Welsh and Glaswegian to name two.

The problems posed both by the play and David Jones are the problems that trouble British life – namely the dropouts, the petty criminals and those who cannot cope for some reason or other. A play about people like this could be incredibly depressing; instead a great feeling of optimism and hope pervaded the play. These were people who, for their various reasons, had come to the end of the road and yet, when the play draws to a close, one is left with the feeling that mankind will triumph over adversity, that they will find the truth and that they are important. It is not pity that is felt for these men and women who are so utterly crushed by life, but compassion – compassion for people who have never been able to rise above their circumstances but who might one day realise their own potential as human beings.

Gorky knew these types well. As a young boy he wandered about Russia and met and lived with these people, of which there were many. Life in Russia at that time was difficult enough for the working people but for those who, for some reason or other, were unable to work life was practically impossible. A great part of the Russian people suffered from excruciating poverty. Those without any kind of income had to live on their wits, beg or borrow a few kopeks for the vodka which, for a few hours, would make their miserable lives a little more bearable and give them some colour.

The set in the first act was exactly right. David Jones has obviously done a great deal of research with the result that an audience can really see what life was like in a Russian doss house. The Russian stove, the beds, and the clothes are completely authentic, and the acting is of a very high standard. This play is a must for anyone interested in the problems of Russia before 1917 and in the problems of quite a large group in this country, for the play poses not only a social dilemma but also the human dilemma.

The Russian Language Course at Goldsmith's College, 1972

Jean Thacker

Where is this Surrey House? Old-timers marched confidently in while the new students anxiously consulted their maps. Inside, there was a buzz of conversation (still in English) and rumours were flying that our Soviet visitors had not arrived. Fritz, in charge of administration, was bombarded with questions until he looked more cadaverous than ever.

Sure enough the opening meeting was delayed, but at last in came our twelve teachers, held up by visa complications. They won our immediate admiration by starting work with their groups with no pause for rest. The sorting into groups was rather an anxious experience, wondering whether all the others were brilliant Russian speakers and you the absolute moron, or vice versa, but in an amazingly short time those groups were welded together by the zeal and devotion of their teachers. And so we began our Russian days.

In the morning the air rang with 'dobroe utro' and we struggled to remember the Russian for cornflakes (not as hard as it seems). Then we were swept on to lessons, conversations, lectures on everything from literature to geography, slides, records and films. At first we were baffled by the complexities of the building and had some hard practice in giving directions in Russian. Short cuts could be disastrous, as on one occasion when we ended up in the Elephant Room (so the porter told us) and our shame-faced explanation in Russian sounded remarkably feeble.

Whenever possible we whizzed off to central London, where we acted as guides for our teachers. We stumbled through explanations with the help of pocket dictionaries, sometimes experiencing that awful blank feeling when all Russian vanishes from the mind, sometimes triumphant after a breakthrough. Even stranger was our visit to the Greenwich Theatre, when we had the extraordinary sensation of seeing an English production through Soviet eyes, as we endeavoured to translate. Many were the discussions that raged afterwards, and it was strange to realise, after being carried away by the heat of the moment, 'I said that in Russian'. We kept up our efforts as we travelled to Oxford (how complicated to explain!), Stratford and Coventry. We visited the Marx Memorial in Highgate Cemetery and we had an entrancing glimpse of Russian hospitality at the Russian tea-party. We were served with Russian tea

by our smiling hostesses, and plied with plates piled high with unknown delicacies from Moscow. We were swept into jolly but confusing Russian games (what were those Boyars doing?) and amazed ourselves with our efforts at Russian tongue-twisters and riddles. Brave volunteers for the games were awarded prizes, and we finished by singing with gusto our favourite Russian songs.

Late into the evenings the irresistible conversations continued. We talked about life in Russia, with our teachers, fortified with 'Russian suppers', supplemented by toast and coffee. Also fascinating were our hundred-plus fellow students of all ages, from fifth formers to retirement age, all with their own point of view. I wonder whether the alcoves where we gathered in the corridors next to the student kitchens were really just like Russian hotels, as the experienced travellers among us assured us they were?

However was there time to prepare for lessons and to write our answers for the competition? We gathered solemnly for the oral competition, at first letting the eager beavers on the front row struggle with the answers. Gradually though, the questions ranged wider and wider and masses of postcards were distributed for correct answers, so that we were left with the cheerful feeling that we all knew something.

Suddenly it was the last evening, and we gathered for a Disco, preceded by a concert. Some of the groups had developed an eccentric line in choirs, there were impressive renderings of poems, readings and songs, all heartily applauded. And so, on to the final meeting. Prizes and certificates were distributed, and then it was time to say good-bye to our teachers, now our friends. Addresses were exchanged and affectionate wishes for the future spoken in our improved Russian. How intense and exciting it had all been!

How rewarding too, once home again, to hear one's Russian teacher say, with surprise, 'you've got a Moscow accent!' Never mind if after a few weeks it drifts back to Lancashire, our knowledge of the Soviet Union has more reality and depth. Surely our Goldsmiths' College Course is the next best thing to nine days in Moscow!

TCHAIKOVSKY COMPETITION

The Fifth International Tchaikovsky Competition will be held in Moscow in June 1974, and will be open to pianists, violinists, 'cellists, and singers of any nationality.

The closing date for receipt of applications is December 1st, 1973. Details of conditions (including age limits), application procedure, and test pieces are available from the Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR.

BOOK REVIEWS

Soviet Economists of the Twenties—names to be remembered, by Naum Jasny. Cambridge University Press, 1972. £3.80.

This book is devoted to the economists who, although to the right of the Bolsheviks politically, worked in the various Soviet economic organisations during the period of the New Economic Policy. Jasny himself was a Menshevik supporter and knew several of the personalities featured, but unlike them he was irreconcilably opposed to Lenin and the Bolsheviks and left Russia during the Civil War. He subsequently lived in Germany and the United States and wrote a number of works on the Soviet economy. This book was published after his death and consists of a critical review of the development of the Soviet economy from the October Revolution to the end of the First Five-Year Plan, a brief account of the trial of the Menshevik economists in March, 1931, and, finally, a number of short studies of the leading figures, the most prominent of whom were V. G. Groman, V. A. Bazarov and N. D. Kondrat'ev.

The non-Communist economists discussed all held prominent positions in the Soviet planning and economic apparatus. This was a period when the Party was forced to undertake a tactical retreat in order to maintain and strengthen the vital worker and peasant alliance and restore the devastated economy, before embarking on a final offensive against capitalist forces. Lacking in its own technical specialists, the Party attracted members of other tendencies into responsible positions—a task facilitated by the introduction of NEP, which provided an economic environment well-suited to the skills of the Menshevik and 'neo-narodnik' economists. Groman and Bazarov occupied prominent posts in Gosplan and played a large role in establishing the first Soviet annual plans—the Control Figures, and did pioneering work on the balance of the national economy. Those economists of the neo-narodnik tendency, notably Kondrat'ev (well-known in the West for his work on the long cycles of capitalism), Chayanov and Makarov, assisted in the development of peasant agriculture and dominated agricultural economics during much of the 'twenties. At the 15th Congress in December, 1927, the Party adopted, in principle, the policy of collectivisation. For Jasny this marks the end of NEP and certainly, from this time onward, the non-Communist economists began to lose influence, as a new generation of economists loyal to the Party began to dominate planning and economic management. The work of the Mensheviks was attacked by Strumilin, Vaisberg, Rogal'sky and others, both on methodological grounds for its stress on equili-

brium and evolutionism, and on practical political and economic grounds for the cautious growth targets incorporated in the plans and, above all, the non-class approach to planning adopted by the Mensheviks, who put general economic advance before socialist transformation. The end came in 1930-31, when, at the height of the collectivisation drive, the leading Menshevik economists were tried and found guilty of economic sabotage and of organised opposition to Soviet power. Together with many other non-conformist economists they were imprisoned and most perished in the late 'thirties.

Jasny's book is frankly partisan. He asserts his Menshevik allegiance and total opposition to Lenin and Communism. While sympathising with NEP, he regards everything after it as an unmitigated disaster. Thus, the book is not simply a tribute to representatives of what he terms the 'democratic intelligentsia', but an attempt to justify their policies as both economists and Mensheviks. Clearly Jasny believes that, had their plans been adopted, Russia would have been 'saved' from the Stalin cult, forced industrialisation, collectivisation and Communism. His case, however, is far from convincing and the book ironically provides much evidence of the weakness of the Menshevik position. Jasny abstracts to a remarkable degree from the realities of the Soviet Union in the NEP years. There is no acknowledgement of the facts of class differentiation in the country, of the capitalist encirclement, of the decisive political struggles in the Party and even of the practical, technical and production aspects of economic life. The lack of practicality of Jasny and the economists he is championing is striking. He himself admits to being an amateur in politics, and revealingly notes that Groman, the most influential of the group and closest to Jasny, lacked a 'practical sense', while Bazarov, on his own admission, was 'an ignoramus as regards technology'. These were economists in a very narrow sense, in marked contrast to the committed Marxist political-economists who opposed and defeated them. The difference is summed up by Jasny when he observes that Groman and his followers wanted stable development with equilibrium, but the Party economists held that 'The good of the Revolution is the supreme law, and when this law demands, we must accept the violation and disruption of equilibrium' (Vaisberg, quoted by Jasny on p. 111).

In support of his case, Jasny dwells on the problems of the First Five-Year Plan period—the non-achievement of the ambitious targets, the disruption of agriculture with collectivisation and the temporary set-back to growth in 1932 and 1933. Characteristically, Jasny approaches these problems from the point of view of statistics of plan fulfilment and does not discuss the genuine achievements.

There is here no mention of the great new factories, the modern technology, the growth of the working class, the training of a new generation of Soviet specialists or even of the progress after 1933. Jasny seems to imply that the very non-fulfilment of the Plan provides evidence that the policies advocated by the Mensheviks would have been more successful, but regardless of whether one accepts his success criteria this is clearly an illegitimate conclusion.

In condemning the facts of the 1931 trial Jasny is on surer ground and, surprisingly, he could almost be accused of giving excessive credence to the prosecution's case. One revealing insight provided by the book (which does contain much of interest despite its tendentiousness) is the degree to which the various non-Communist tendencies were divided amongst themselves, and Jasny expresses this by his own attitude towards those who 'capitulated', i.e. came to accept the Party line. This failing, as Jasny sees it, was more characteristic of the neo-narodniks than of the Mensheviks. The figures portrayed by Jasny ultimately appear as tragic individuals. Allowed to exercise their undoubted professional abilities to the advantage of a regime to which they bore limited allegiance, they were thrust aside when no longer of use to their former patrons.

Occasional inconsistencies and errors are evidence of the multiple editorship of the book. Explanatory notes would have helped the non-specialist, e.g. on the 'League of Observers', Grinevetsky and Bogdanov. Finally, there is no reference to the current Soviet attitude to the economists of the 'twenties. They are not totally forgotten. The charges of the 1931 Trial were withdrawn some time after the 20th Congress and Bazarov, for example, now merits a paragraph in the new edition of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*.

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Modern Revolutions. An Introduction to the Analysis of a Political Phenomenon. John Dunn. Cambridge 1972. Hard cover £3.40, paper £1.40.

The study of revolution has been bedevilled by the intrusion of strong ideological commitments. John Dunn seeks to cut through ideological mystification to take a fresh look at both conceptual and empirical problems of revolution.

The book consists of two parts of different intellectual genre: the introduction and conclusion are an exercise in the theory of political sociology while the main part gives traditional historical accounts. The theoretical analysis of revolution shows how defini-

tion and causal explanation have become entangled with ideological conceptions of the subject and attempts a reassessment of both. The main part of the book presents historical accounts of eight 20th century revolutions: Russia, Mexico, China, Yugoslavia, Vietnam, Algeria, Turkey and Cuba. The author forges a connection between the two parts by illustrating his theoretical analysis with examples from the historical sections and he also tries to link his conceptual framework to the historical narrative. Appended to the book is a very useful detailed bibliography on both revolution in general and the eight revolutions in particular.

Revolutions, says J. Dunn, have two faces—an abstract, elegant, humanitarian revolutionary theory and the concrete, crude and often rather ugly revolutionary struggle itself. His argument is that the ideological involvement of students of revolution leads most of them to see only one of these faces and, consequently, to base their definitions and explanations of revolution on a limited view. Those on the left base their analysis and evaluation predominantly on a study of the high-minded revolutionary project offered by revolutionary elites. They fail to consider both the revolutionary struggle itself and, more importantly, the post-revolutionary performance by the revolutionary elite. The result, argues Dunn, is often undue romanticism and utopianism. Those on the right, asserts Dunn, ignore the rational theories of revolutionary leaders and any achievement of revolution and concentrate on the revolutionary process itself, its chaos, opportunism and violence. Consequently, they view revolution with revulsion and in their descriptions and explanations dwell on the social dislocation rather than the innovation aspect of it. And where does John Dunn stand himself? He takes great pains to consider *all* aspects of the phenomenon revolution and is, indeed, one of the few social scientists who concern themselves with the consequences as well as the antecedents of revolution. He views Marxist-Leninist revolutionary theory *sine ira et studio* and finds it seriously wanting. Post-revolutionary societies, he says, have not achieved, and cannot in principle achieve the equal distribution of political power Marx and Lenin (in *State and Revolution*) envisaged. Also 20th century revolutions have been and are likely to continue to be conspicuous for the absence of international orientations. Instead, nationalistic sentiments predominate. Equally dispassionately he analyzes revolutionary activity or, in his words, mobilization. He points to the debasement of high-minded ideas in the heat of the revolutionary fray and, although holding the opinion that noble ends do not ennoble ugly means, he does not judge revolutions on this aspect but solely on their achievements. He considers that achievements of some 20th century revolutions have been considerable when measured against the performance of

the *ancien régime*, but makes it quite clear that they have not been in conformity with what Marxist revolutionary theory predicts. Successful revolutions, according to Dunn, have put poor and oppressed colonial or neo-colonial countries on to the path of independent national economic development. Because Marxist-inspired revolution seems to be the only political means to achieve this economic emancipation, given the world economic structure in the 20th century, the cost of Marxist-Leninist violent revolution has been and will continue to be justified. But, continues Dunn, it is a vain hope that revolution can achieve the international brotherhood and rational society Marxist theory predicts. Therefore, he concludes, materially developed societies are unlikely to revolt. Here, it seems, Dunn extrapolates unduly from past history to what is possible in principle.

Taken as a whole, Dunn's effort to separate ideology from fact is the most novel and successful part of his theoretical analysis and will prove a valuable contribution to the study of revolution. The mystique surrounding revolution needed to be broken to give way to a fresh appraisal. Also Dunn's point that any evaluation of revolution must be based on a study of its effects is very pertinent. But in his eagerness to expose the Marxist-Leninist doctrine of revolution as false Dunn belittles the very real achievements of socialist societies: far greater social equality and, as U. Bronfenbrenner's recent book¹ has brought out, more altruistic and collectively-oriented human relationships are possible than in capitalist societies.

Dunn's second objective, the initiation of a new approach to the definition and explanation of revolution, although offering several original and illuminating insights, is less successful. He usefully divides the phenomenon revolution into three components, each to be defined and explained separately: the revolutionary project conceived by a revolutionary elite, the political mobilization of the revolutionary masses, and loss of social control by the old regime. He rightly points out that each component phenomenon presents its own difficulties for causal explanation—amounts to a concurrence of all three phenomena—the revolution—amounts to a social event of such complexity that it defeats causal explanation and prediction. But there is no compelling reason for accepting his stipulation that only those events shall qualify for the term revolution that have brought to power a new elite which is able to improve on the performance of the old regime. On these terms one would, for example, have to deny the Russian February Revolution its title. Besides, such a stipulation would raise all sorts of difficulties. What can be considered an improvement for whom, and what span is

¹*Two Worlds of Childhood. (See review on p. 58)*

to be taken before judgement is passed? Although it is useful for analytical purposes to view the component phenomena separately, Dunn has taken the separation too far. He loses sight of the fact that the rise of revolutionary elites and masses as well as the loss of legitimacy by the old regime all have the same social roots, even if they are perceived in different ways. He seems to imply that a revolutionary project evolves quite separately from the discontent of the masses and is somehow foisted on to it by a manipulative revolutionary elite. He therefore fails to consider what is the most crucial variable in any explanation of revolution. Why, in T. Gurr's words,¹ does a potential for collective violence arise in the first place? Marx, de Tocqueville, Davies and Gurr have all addressed themselves to this question and have come up with different answers, and the problem has by no means been conclusively settled.

Dunn's historical accounts of eight modern revolutions, although offering little new to the specialist, are useful both for introductory readings as they are both comprehensive and balanced and even more so for the comparative study of revolution.

His account of the Russian revolution, though extremely critical of the doctrine of Marxism-Leninism and the achievements of Soviet society, is not virulent in a cold-war manner but academic. He emphasizes the absence of political egalitarianism and is very sceptical about its realization at a future date. He sees Leninism chiefly as a doctrine of modernization and the main achievement of the Soviet political elite in the great progress in economic development. Describing the revolution itself, he over-emphasizes, as in his theoretical section, the degree of distance between a revolutionary elite and the revolutionary masses and again conveys the impression that the elite *used* the masses. Although he is right in emphasizing Lenin's crucial role in the revolution, it is an exaggeration to say that he *made* the revolution, and to impute passivity to the rank and file. The Bolshevik party had a high percentage of working-class members many of whom were leaders in their own right and can certainly not be characterized as *mass*. When discussing the break-up of the Tsarist autocracy he attributes it to three factors: peasant insurrection, proletarian revolt, and military defeat. But such an explanation is not very useful because again he neglects the basic causal variable, the circumstances that made peasants and workers available for revolutionary mobilization. Although he has some general explanation in terms of the incompatibility of economic modernization with political autocracy, he does not examine the particular factors which made peasants and workers rebel.

Despite these criticisms, the book as a whole is a stimulating and

¹T. Gurr, *Why Men Rebel*.

useful contribution to the understanding and evaluation of modern revolution.

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Russian History Atlas, Gilbert Martin. Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 1972, £3.25.

A warm welcome to this history atlas! Our recent visitor to this country, Professor Yuri Kukushkin, Dean of the Faculty of History of Moscow University, examined it at length and was enthusiastic. Especially now that publishers are increasing the price of specialist books with maps, this volume should be available wherever students are reading the history, geography or economics of the Soviet Union. I hope, indeed, that it will go through many editions to allow for some further detail and corrections.

There is no text as such; the maps are cartoon type and in the corners are keys to the signs and little historical notes of a few sentences. In all there are 146 maps, some covering a double spread (the page numbers apply to each map, not each page, which is odd). A full bibliography and reference to the annotations follow the maps, heightening the scholarly approach. The maps are divided into 3 sections : Ancient and Early Modern Russia, Imperial Russia and the Soviet Union.

I hate to cavil when I so much admire! But I cannot find Vladimir on the map on pp 25 and 28, although Moscow and Suzdal are there : the Tsars were crowned first in Vladimir's Cathedral, then in Moscow. The delightful private chapels of the Bogoliubov family, unique in style, are also in Vladimir. This omission should be rectified in later editions. I have always assumed that Novgorod is on the River Volkhov; but on map p 27 it almost appears to be on the River Msta. To be consistent, the Meskhetians should be shown on p 128 as having been deported by Stalin, which would then agree with p 131. And my final criticism is of the printer, who failed to show the number of Russian emigrés settled in France—the tag is unreadable. But I assume that more settled there than in any other country.

But what an incredible amount of information is conveyed and how restful to *see* it, instead of reading. Most remarkable are the casualty figures of the last war :—26 million, divided equally between civilians and soldiers. The civilian figure includes 6 million Jews and Soviet casualties are assessed on p 130 at 3 million civilians and $7\frac{1}{2}$ million soldiers. The contrast with the lower casualties of other participants in the war is striking. Then the changing fron-

tiers, the areas occupied by Germany, by Makhno and others after the First World War. How many of us know the history of the Tuva A.S.S.R., for instance?

On p 143 the position of the 2 stretches of the Soviet-Chinese Borderlands in 1970 is worthy of study. I had not previously realised that they were separated from one another by the total width of Mongolia, which itself is under Soviet influence (p 142). Let us hope that war will not make these remote areas familiar.

Martin Gilbert's atlas should be sampled a map or two at a time. It will serve students and teachers as reminders of what they already know, filling in the gaps, and will draw together in different contexts isolated items of knowledge. It is a most stimulating book.

KATHLEEN W. WILLIAMS.
University of Aston in Birmingham.

Amur Saga, by Nicholai Zadornov, transl. Olga Shartse, Progress Publishers, Moscow, 1972, 60 p.

There have been three main types of settlement in Siberia:—ignoring the migratory hunters, the first wave was of disaffected people: depressed peasants, religious dissenters and prisoners in exile. From the mid 19th century the Russian government, appalled by the 20% loss of life among settlers, began to encourage ordinary people by supplying an overseer and Cossack guides to conduct the party to suitable land; the government then gave them seed, perhaps a few lean cattle and they arranged for rest-houses and doctors on the 2-year trek. Then came the Trans-Siberian railway and accelerated settlement, where the adventurous might be drawn to Siberia, rather than expelled from European Russia.

This novel, "Amur Saga", is set in the middle period, during the reigns of Alexander II and Alexander III. The party walked with their horses, carrying baggage until prisoners helped them to make barges to navigate the Rivers Ingoda, Shilka and Amur. Here the translator's helpful note points out that the maximum wood was used on the rafts so that the settlers could construct a house with it after arrival! The emigrés wondered at the strange villages of Buryat-Mongols, Old Believers, Cossacks, Chinese, Manchus and local tribes. They felt homesick. Some died on the way.

Old Berdyshev, a voluntary emigré married to a Nanai, was the only Russian the settlers were to meet on this land. Despite lurid tales from the Cossack oarsmen, Berdyshev was just and helpful. He took their side against the extortions of Chinese and Manchu merchants, and helped them to establish their own trade and to pan gold in the mountains.

The peasants suffered from cold, hunger and general anxiety over crops in the early period, often regretting their emigration. But within four years the peasant children had grown and acquired the hunting, fishing and constructional skills of the Nanai people. Added to that, they preserved their Russian agricultural knowledge and were learning to read and write, either from the priest or the telegraphist. Travellers, passing, wondered at their physique and the noble bearing of free peasants.

Their site on Lake Dodga had been chosen previously by the explorer, Nevelskoi, as suitable for settlement. Egor Kuznetsov, the father of a family that really enjoyed their new life, despite the "poverty, hunger and illnesses of new settlers", was involved in many adventures. To avoid starvation, they had to "borrow" flour from the Chinese. Egor learnt to hunt in time to avoid reprisals for non-payment and, when bartering his furs, he rescued a young Nanai girl, taken from her family as debt repayment.

Two other Russians decided to hunt a tiger which preyed on the Nanais. After the kill, their enthusiasm led them to hunt a Manchu, Tikeng, who was just as repressive; they were unrepentant and took his bag of gold. Hardships are mentioned in passing—the cold was so extreme that a lad shut his eye-lids to warm his eyes and the lashes froze: he had to rub them free, which hurt. In summer the flies were unbearable. They had to combine to defeat Chinese and Manchu extortion. But in four years they became rich with gold, fish, furs and plenty of salt-meat. Their crops flourished. Their bravery should encourage young Soviet Komsosols to join them and sample the life which is still, undoubtedly, freer than in European Russia.

The translation is reasonably good, with the standard Americanisms adopted by most Russians i.e. to "fix" a meal, "like" instead of "as", "kids" for children. Rather more foxing is the use of "asps" in a list of trees, someone leaving "digitate prints in the sand", and "shoals" used for shallows: the dictionary bears out Olga Shartse; but how many native English people know the words in this sense? One building is called first a tent, then a shed, then a house. There is also a strange list of chapter numbers and page numbers with no titles, which uselessly occupies two pages.

But despite minor faults, the book is good reading in a Robinson Crusoe way. A great deal of information is conveyed by Nicholai Zadornov, who lived and did his research in those parts. I am sure Russians must appreciate this historical novel and I think many English people will, too.

KATHLEEN W. WILLIAMS.
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Two Worlds of Childhood

Urie Bronfenbrenner, Russell Sage, 1971. £3.25. 190 pp.

The conclusions of this book are clear : compared to children in the USA, those reared in the USSR have a greater concern for others and a more developed community spirit. American children are more likely to be inconsiderate, dishonest, impolite and selfish though Soviet children too have their faults—particularly in that they lack initiative.

Bronfenbrenner is most concerned with what can be learned from the USSR and beneficially applied to America. His main recommendation is that the school and parents generally should play a more positive role in socialising wayward American children. Faced with considerable violence in American society (the author and his family were pleasantly surprised to find that they could walk unmolested in the streets of the USSR), the inculcation of norms of obedience and collective self-discipline in school backed up by active parent involvement would seem to be highly desirable. The difficulty of changing the school system and the family, however, which is only marginally discussed by Bronfenbrenner, is the structure of the society in which these institutions are set. The values of American society are derived from norms of possessive individualism, of the frontier society, of competitive capitalism. The United States is also much less homogeneous in the structure of the values held by various groups of the population and it is therefore inevitable that the values inculcated in schools will not reflect a monolithic official value system as in the Soviet Union. Hence the school system reflects the wider society and changes in the former are severely limited by the latter.

Bronfenbrenner provides a valuable service by showing that many of the values of Soviet schools are desirable from a humanitarian point of view. British teachers might find much of Soviet educational philosophy not unlike that of the British public school with its emphasis on work, group competitiveness (c.f. the house system) and collective peer oriented discipline (prefect system). A more historical approach might have been able to draw parallels between the Soviet philosophy of education and the more austere practices of British education of the Victorian era. What is quite clear is that the ideas of permissiveness and of child-centredness find no place in Soviet educational philosophy—at least as described in the book under review. The Soviet school has been required to knit together into a national unit, a population diverse in social and national background and therefore it has emphasised homogeneity. It therefore seems to me doubtful whether Soviet educational philosophy can be grafted, as it were, on to a society so dissimilar as the

USA. Furthermore, it may be questionable how far the Soviet educational system as a whole can continue without some fundamental changes. As Bronfenbrenner points out, recent trends in Soviet thought are to recognise the necessity of moving away from conformity towards individuality and independence.

Bronfenbrenner focusses in this book on the very young and here he is able to show significant homogeneity in upbringing. The question may be posed of how long into life this lasts. Is there not greater individual competitiveness between children when selection for higher education takes place? While group consciousness may be strong enough to control "anti-social" elements among very young children it does not seem to be so successful in preventing "deviance" in adolescence or in adult life. In fact, the oversocialisation in school may cause a reaction in later years and a rejection of the values inculcated.

One other reservation I have is that the Soviet family is given a secondary role as a socialising institution and the primacy of the collective over the individual is stressed. Now compared to the American family, the Soviet is probably weaker, though it is interesting to note that Soviet parents spend more time with their children than do American ones. But many studies have shown the relatively independent role that family background plays in forming children's aspirations for, and achievements in, secondary and higher education, and it has also been shown to be an important influence in the persistence of religious beliefs.

But this is a stimulating and interesting book and is written with very little ideological bias. It is attractively produced, rather highly priced and regrettably it contains no subject index.

DAVID LANE.

Russian for Everybody, edited by V. Kostomarov, distributed by Collets. Set of books £2.50; Set of 10 L.P. Records £10.50.

A new Russian course for all beginners except the very young, edited by V. Kostomarov, and the result of several years' preparation at the Moscow Methodological Centre, deserves our attention and serves a real need. The main textbook is an attractively produced course of 40 lessons, with profuse and well thought out illustrations in black and white. Looking, hearing and speaking develop side by side from the start, and the grammar is gradually built up from patterns and simple texts and dialogues, with a minimum of explanations (all in Russian) and of awkward irregularities. All one needs is a classroom and a record player, though much of the material could be reinforced in a language laboratory. The teacher is given

some advice but is left free to take the course his own way. (It is definitely not a course for self study.) Together with the main course one can buy a set of records of excellent clarity. Included with the textbook are several booklets, one for oral practice based on Prof. Bryzgunova's system, a vocabulary, a book of exercises, a conversation manual and a supplementary Reader which can be used from lesson 10. The vocabulary is well chosen for everyday purposes, and the little stories more varied and livelier than in previous courses. It is claimed that the course can be completed in a year, at 2 to 3 hours per week. Slower students and evening classes might well need longer. At the end of a thorough year's work, you would surely be able to communicate with a native speaker, find your way around in the USSR, and for vocabulary and grammar you would be well on your way to a first examination. A first perusal indicates that this book has everything to recommend it. Even the price is not outrageous, considering what you get for your money.

C. E. SIMMONDS.

SOCIOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

Urlanis, B. Ts., *Statistika naseleniya* (Population Statistics). Moscow, Statistika, 1971. 80 pp. 35,000 copies.

Included in the series 'Statistics For All,' Boris Urlanis's analysis of the population composition in the 1970 Soviet census contains a wealth of processed data, tables and graphs. Moreover, he does not confine himself to the 1970 material, but draws on statistics from other Russian and Soviet censuses and foreign census data. In an introductory chapter, the author explains the mechanics of the 1970 census. It lasted eight days both in town and in country; while intervals to date between censuses have been 23, 6, 12, 20 and 11 years, it is intended to hold future censuses once a decade, preferably on the base year (for UNO convenience). The census form carried 11 questions: relationship to head of family; two questions on persons temporarily in or out of residence; family status; sex; age; nationality (decided by individual choice rather than by passport); native language; educational level; educational institution (for students); and source of means of existence. Together with the census form, a sample survey was made covering a quarter of the population: four of its seven questions related to socio-economic structure, the other three to migratory trends. Other sections of the book deal with the various aspects of demographic composition. In the section on 'sex imbalance', Urlanis observes that for every 1,000 Soviet men there are now 1,171 women (by contrast with 1,220 in 1959); on the whole, however, the world is 'balanced': Europe has

a preponderance of women, Africa—a slight male majority, and Asia—a large male majority. In the section dealing with age composition, he makes the point that statisticians have long had to cope with probable errors caused by 'female coquetry' and 'old age coquetry'—the former playing down their age, the latter exaggerating it. Age groups were divided up as follows: nursery 0-2; pre-school 3-6; school 7-15; youth 16-24; maturity 25-44; late maturity 45-59; elderly 60-69; early old age 70-79; late old age 80-89; and deep old age 90 and over. On occupational status, over half the population is of working age, about a third is of school or pre-school age. Instead of the old division of the urban working population into 'workers' and 'employees', it was deemed more convenient to have three categories: 'People engaged mainly in manual labour,' 'people engaged in mental and manual labour,' and 'people engaged solely in mental labour.' In the section on nationality, Urlanis shows the extent to which the Russian language has increased as the native language of some non-Russian nationalities since the 1939 census. Altogether, the book is a useful addition to the material provided in the recent census.

J.W.R.

Staroverov, V. I., *Gorod ili derevnya* (Town or Country). Moscow, Politizdat, 1972. 87 pp. 47,000 copies.

The process of rapid urbanisation has evidently raised serious social questions, not least of which are those concerned with rural migration: who precisely is leaving the countryside and why? What sort of urban 'career' does the newcomer have? How does he affect urban life and how does it react upon him? These are the major issues tackled by the author, a sociologist specialising in rural migration at the Institute of Concrete Social Research attached to the USSR Academy of Sciences. The size of the problem is reflected in the urban-rural balance-shift: from 82% rural residence in 1917 to 43% in 1971; between 1940 and 1971 alone, the rural share has diminished from 67% to 43%, and the number of townsmen has doubled. Opinions are divided on the effects of this rural drain: pessimists say it is robbing farming of essential manpower; optimists aver that the countryside is overpopulated. Both are right: the former in regard to the north-west, Volgograd, the central regions and Siberia; the latter in regard to south-west Ukraine, Moldavia, Kuban and Central Asia. While a Novgorod farm chairman has to search high and low for young people to send to training courses, a Kuban chairman has a youth employment problem; Novgorod farms have to hire seasonal labour (*sezonniki*) from among migrating groups of Chechens, Balkars and western Ukrainians. On the

other hand, because of an excess of manpower, some Uzbek farms rely on manual work at harvesting while machines stand idle. In some areas, therefore, rural overpopulation is hampering productivity. But it very much depends on the region: while Moldavia increased its farm workers by a fifth between 1950 and 1968, the northwest has had a $3\frac{1}{2}$ fold reduction, and the central black earth zone a three-fold decline in labour. Following this opening chapter, the author divides his book into two sections: the first builds up a picture of rural migration (motives for leaving, the age and sex groups that leave, the countervailing forces that restrain migration, where migrants go and in what circumstances—through education, state-organised mobilisation of independent choice, etc.). The second part deals with the consequences of rural migration (how the rural migrant adapts to urban living, in what way he affects the town and the effect his leaving has on the village). Both parts are based on a sociological study of rural migrants (2,000 people and 287 villages) carried out by the author from 1966 to 1969 in the Starorusky district of Novgorod region. The findings have been collated with similar studies conducted by Novosibirsk sociologists and a Moscow University team in the Krasnokhol district of Kalinin region. In his conclusion, the author speculates on the future of the Soviet village: by contrast with that in the West it will not be swallowed up by or merged with the town; there will be instead an internal transformation of villages into agrotowns retaining the healthy aspects of rural life. For this to happen the state must regulate rural migration so that a healthy and stable nucleus of villagers remains in the countryside.

J.W.R.

Kolpakov, B. T., Patrushev, V. D., eds. *Byudzhet vremeni gorodskovo naseleniya* (Time-Budget of Urban Population). Moscow, Statistika, 1971 248 pp. 3,700 copies.

This well-documented monograph follows similar well-known studies by Prudensky, Grushin, Maslov, Strumilin et al. in dealing with the growing problem of free time and how to use it rationally. Its distinction lies in it being part of a joint urban time-budget study undertaken by 13 states (eight socialist, five capitalist) using agreed research methods. Results of the study have already been published in *International Review of Sport Sociology*, Vol. II, 1967. The Soviet contribution was made by the Institute of Economics and Industrial Organisation of the Siberian Branch of the USSR Academy of Sciences, and the Central Statistical Board; they chose Pskov as their object of study—the first time a time-budget study had been made covering all social and occupational

groups in a single town. The present book is an exposition and analysis of the Pskov findings; it contains many tables and diagrams, including a 30-page appendix of tables mainly of Pskov data but also of activity classification used in the cross-national comparison and a long list of time-budget studies undertaken in the USSR between 1922 and 1969. The classified 15-page bibliography of Soviet and foreign works is as welcome as the absence of an index is to be regretted (but, sadly, all too common). The book also has a long introduction describing the history of time-budget studies in the USSR; the 1920s are particularly interesting for the discussion of Strumilin's 'three eights' principles: 8 hours work, 8 hours sleep and 8 hours rest—a theory subsequently discarded. The usefulness of the book is somewhat lessened by the fact that the information on which its conclusions are based is over six years old. The Soviet leisure-pattern has altered quite considerably since then as a result of rising affluence, longer holidays and shorter working hours; the greatest single contribution to the change has been the introduction of the long weekend, the 5-hour working week, for the bulk of the urban working populace in 1967, i.e. after the Pskov study. Nonetheless, this is the most exhaustive and revealing time-budget study to date and, most valuably, enables comparison to be made between Soviet leisure and work patterns and those of 12 other industrialised and industrialising countries; this gives greater meaning and perspective to the results.

J.W.R.

Pereverzin, I., *Prognozirovanie i planirovanie fizicheskoi kul'tury* (Forecasting and Planning Physical Culture). Moscow, Fizkul'tura i sport, 1972. 88 pp. 7,00 copies.

Prof. Pereverzin, head of the Section for Forecasting and Planning Physical Culture at the All-Union Physical Culture Research Institute, argues the case for more scientific planning in sport. In support, he cites his own concrete sociology of sport. The booklet thus presents a picture of Soviet sports planning and a host of figures illustrating the present provision of sports amenities, and coaches, and the number of sports participants, favourite sports, etc. In his preface, the uthor defines his terms: a 'fizkul'turnik', for instance, is a 'person who is a member of a physical culture group engaging in sport or physical exercise in a section, group or team under the supervision of a registered coach not less than twice a week (including participation in sports contests) during six months.' In his analysis of present trends, he notes the growing bias toward independent sports activity, away from state-organised activities. The popularity of sports varies with age, sex and social group: girls prefer artistic

sports, boys—combat or conquest activities. For all age groups, skiing and swimming appear to be the most popular (15.5% and 15.3% respectively of all people questioned give their preference to these), followed by volleyball (12.1%) and football (7.1%). The optimal number of hours per week devoted to sport is five all the year round. Surveys show that young people spent about 8 hours, and workers—2 hours a week at sport on average. Proficiency does not necessarily follow from mass participation; it should therefore be treated separately. Good international results depend on early specialisation of potential athletes, much time devoted to one sport, provision of well-qualified coaches and good equipment for the talented youngsters, and therefore a large sum of money spent on each athlete. There is already a tendency to differentiate big-time sport from mass physical culture. This process will increase and mass sport will develop largely through independent sports activities. Proficient athletes, on the other hand, will develop mainly through specialised organisations like the junior sports schools (D-YUSS) and sports boarding schools. By way of example of sports planning, the book has a 10-page appendix on the 1971-80 sports plan for the town of Severodonetsk; it also carries a useful 3-page bibliography of Soviet sports books and articles. J.W.R.

(The Russian books reviewed above are all available at Collets.)

(Continued from p. 42)

Psychiatry. Soviet judicial bodies and the Soviet public health system have always sought to protect the rights of the mentally sick who have committed socially harmful actions. In the early years of Soviet power a special Institute for Forensic Psychiatric Expert Examination was set up. This later became what is now known as the Central Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry, which is the methodological centre in this scientific field. It should be pointed out that the Serbski Institute, like all other bodies involved in forensic psychiatric examinations, comes under the Ministry of Public Health. In addition to the holding of expert examinations in the most difficult cases, the Institute conducts large-scale research and teaching in the field of psychiatry, and forensic psychiatry in particular. It provides courses of training for the improvement of the professional standards of forensic psychiatrists from the Union Republics, and provides staff to teach forensic psychiatry in higher and secondary law schools.

Soviet forensic psychiatrists pay particular attention to the treatment of persons who have committed socially harmful acts when mentally disturbed or who later became mentally ill. Medical

measures for this group of mental patients are defined in the relevant Criminal Codes and Criminal Codes of Procedure of the Union Republics, and also in Instructions issued by the Ministry of Public Health of the Soviet Union. These measures vary according to the mental state of the person concerned and the threat they present to society. They include compulsory treatment in mental hospitals for some categories of patients, and the placing of such patients in the custody of relatives or guardians on condition that they remain under permanent medical supervision at psycho-neurological clinics.

Patients subjected to compulsory treatment are kept under systematic control which enables their mental state to be constantly observed and recorded. They are re-examined at least every six months by a commission of medically qualified psychiatrists. The commission decides whether it is advisable to continue or discontinue the compulsory treatment, or to transfer the patient to normal psychiatric treatment in a hospital or clinic, or to place them in the custody of relatives. The court can, on the recommendation of the commission, order the discontinuation of the compulsory treatment. If he remains as an ordinary patient under treatment he can be discharged from the hospital as and when the doctors decide.

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